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CHAPTERS FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

MEMORIES OF D. H. LAWRENCE, RUPERT BROOKE, FRANK HARRIS

by Norman Douglas

I. D. H. Lawrence

I knew him before his marriage, in *White Peacock* days, and still hope that a certain photograph of him, taken at that time, may be reproduced somewhere. It was a charming likeness, with an ethereal expression in those youthful features. Then he came to see me with his newly married wife; I cooked, in her honour, a German luncheon.

He sometimes turned up at the *English Review* office with stories like the *Prussian Officer* written in that impeccable handwriting of his. They had to be cut down for magazine purposes; they were too redundant; and I was charged with the odious task of performing the operation. Would Lawrence never learn to be more succinct, and to hold himself in hand a little? No; he never would and he never did; diffuseness is a fault of much of his work. In *Women in Love*, for example, we find pages and pages of drivel. Those endless and pointless conversations! That dreary waste of words! To give your reader a sample of the chatter of third-rate people is justifiable; ten consecutive pages of such stuff is realism gone crazy.

Lawrence never divined that conversations and dialogues are precious contrivances, to be built up *con amore*; that they should suggest a clue to character and carry forward the movement instead of retarding it; that they should be sparkling oases, not deserts of tiresome small talk. Reading these flatulent passages, one wonders by what process his brain came to conceive them; one wonders, next, how, having written them, he could bear to see them in print. He must have known they were rubbish. His state of health, maybe, engendered an imperious need of unburdening himself of every idle thought which flitted through his head.

I suppose he was not much concerned with the form of his novels. They were explorations into himself. That is why, for us, they are explorations into Lawrence. There is

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Kangaroo: well, that intrusion of a Cornish element is an artistic outrage. Yet he could not help infecting Australian surroundings with this exotic taint; *c'était plus fort que lui;* and if it injures the story it certainly reveals some secrets of Lawrence's own psychology. The same applies to *The Trespasser* —the tale, a well-motivated one, of a husband entangled with another woman, who is harassed to such a point by his legitimate wife and family, that, instead of pounding them all into a jelly, he hangs himself. Self-exploration! There was in Lawrence a masochistic strain, a strain of Christ, prophet and sufferer. Both of them were in disharmony with their environment; both took every opportunity of saying so, although in Jesus —if he ever existed—we find less hysteria than in Lawrence, whose Messianic utterances are delivered in shrill tones, and often in so paradoxical a language that he becomes a mere screamer, peevish and frothy. And even as Jesus performed the menial task of washing his disciples' feet, so Lawrence was never happier than when scrubbing floors or peeling potatoes: how frequently in his books are the men portrayed as doing the work of women or of servants!

Aaron's Rod lays bare another aspect of his character, namely his love of scoring off people to whom he is under an obligation. The book teems with examples of this trait; I alone could give five of them, although not a quarter of the persons described are known to me. Here is one. The distinguished old gentleman introduced in the twelfth chapter as "Sir William" had never met Lawrence; he had been induced by some third party to offer him hospitality. He is now dead, and those who are dispassionately interested in such problems will do well to compare Lawrence's fictitious account of "Sir William" and his household with the following extract of a letter dated 27 February, 1925, giving me "Sir William's" own comments on this proceeding:—

. . . Some years ago, during the War, a friend wrote me that Lawrence was on his way to Turin, where at that time it was difficult to get accommodation; would I put him up? In due time one evening when, with a party of guests, I had just sat down to dinner, a visitor was announced. I went to the door—it was a cold wet evening—and there was a homespun-clad figure, carrying some sort of travelling bag. I received him hospitably, sent him upstairs to a bedroom to wash; he joined us at the dinner table and remained until the following day. I had a good deal of conversation with him but, as the sequel showed, without creating a favourable impression, although at the time we appeared to be on terms of friendship and sympathy. He sent me a couple of his books, *Twilight in Italy,* which is a very good book, although I do not see why he named it thus, and *Sons and Lovers,* which has some remarkably effective chapters, but on the whole, left as it were a bad taste in my mouth. So when I noticed a new book by Lawrence in one of the magazines, *Aaron's Rod,* I decided to try another sample of his art and had it sent to me. To my astonishment I found it, though with disguised names of places and persons, a description of his visit to my house. The scene was laid in Novara, but the particulars tallied perfectly with the circumstances of his arrival, the features of my entrance gate, lodge, and grounds being faithfully reproduced.

He also described the conversations at the dinner table and afterwards, all of which, according to him, were on a despicably low intellectual level. He also portrays myself and my wife, and I grieve to say that we did not impress him at all favourably, as I appear in his pages as a kind of physically decrepit and vulgarly ostentatious plutocrat. My wife he thought proper to compare to Queen Victoria, which, however gratifying to my loyal British sentiments, was unflattering in the sense that he was evidently not alluding to the admirable qualities which Queen Victoria possessed in such abundant measure, but rather to her physical shortcomings. He also referred to the stair-case, to the blue silk hang-

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ings of his bedroom (and to the unpardonable circumstance that his breakfast was served with the refinement of a decent household) in disparaging terms. He had felt like throwing these indications of an effete civilization out of the window!

Now, I have no objection to make to his chronicling his impressions with sincerity, but I can never pardon him for the fact that the considerable number of pages which he devoted to us, as well as the whole of the book, were so insufferably dull. If he had at least made me out an amusing jackanapes I would not have minded it, but, that I should have been the source of inspiration of such shockingly wearisome tirades, somewhat humiliates me. It is true that in one passage he acknowledges that I had been exceedingly hospitable to an utter stranger, but that is his only concession to what the Italians call *creanza*. . . .

"Sir William" may have struck Lawrence as an empty and pompous magnate; that was his own fault. If he had been a conscientious appraiser of human values he would have discovered in the old gentleman not a bore, but a fascinating phenomenon—a self-made man, alert in his views (as that letter demonstrates) and interested in every subject on earth; a past master in knowledge of humanity and finance. Lawrence saw none of these things; he preferred to vilify him.

A student of Lawrence's psychology will not gloss over this trait of character—it is too persistent and too pronounced; he will not condemn, but endeavour to understand: It has given me food for thought, and my reading of the matter is this: everybody, in his heart of hearts, dislikes being under the necessity of accepting help, financial or otherwise, however willingly bestowed. It is a form of patronage. We object to being patronized; it makes us resentful. Now most of us have learned to dominate or mask this feeling of resentment; we accept help when it is required, and then utter due expressions of gratitude. This gratefulness is an indirect reaction, a social conventionality and a modern one (the Homeric Greeks never thanked the giver of a gift; they thanked the gods or their luck, whose instrument he was). Secondary reactions were irksome to Lawrence. In accepting aid he had placed himself in a position of inferiority and subjection; the account must be evened. This is the primary reaction: resentfulness. In this particular, and not only in this, Lawrence might be compared to a sensitive plate. He recorded instantaneously. He could not control the impulse to be long-winded in *Women in Love*, nor to be angry with "Sir William" and those other protectors whom he chastises for their kindness to him. I know that state of mind. Like Lawrence, I have often felt inclined to curse people for being in a position to help me. Unlike him, I never let the cat out of the bag.

* * *

For the rest, the prevalent conception of Lawrence as a misanthrope is wrong. He was a man of naturally blithe disposition, full of childlike curiosity. The core of his mind was unsophisticated. He touched upon the common things of earth with tenderness and grace, like some butterfly poised over a flower—poised lightly, I mean, with fickle *insouciance* (for his books contain strange errors of observation). This, once more, was the direct reaction, the poet's reaction; the instantaneous record. No intervening medium, no mirage, hovered between Lawrence and what his eyes beheld. These things lay before him clear-cut, in their primordial candour, devoid of any veil of suggestion or association. It was his charm. There was something elemental in him, something of the *Erdgeist*.

His genius was pictorial and contemplative, impatient of causes save where the issue

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was plain to an infant's understanding, as in the matter of that pamphlet on Pornography and Obscenity—a noble pronouncement. Lawrence was no Bohemian; he was a provincial, an inspired provincial with marked puritan leanings. He had a shuddering horror of Casanova's *Memoirs*; he was furious with a friend for keeping two mistresses instead of one, and even with Florentine boys for showing an inch or so of bare flesh above the knee—"I don't like it! I don't like it! Why can't they wear trousers?"; my own improprieties of speech he ascribed to some perverse kink of nature, whereas they were merely an indication of good health. Had he been concerned for his own peace of mind he should have left the department of exact thinking to take care of itself and devoted his energies to that of feeling, for he insisted on discovering ever fresh riddles in the Universe, and these riddles annoyed him. He could flounder in philosophy as few have yet floundered; in his descriptive writings are phrases which none save Lawrence could have struck out. His life was restless, ever moving from place to place. His work moves restlessly from subject to subject, and sometimes, as in certain of his tales, with an enviable flair, an enviable freshness, an enviable mastery.

It is true that, being inwardly consumed and tormented, he never clarified his outlook. Lawrence had neither poise nor reserve. Nor had he a trace of humour. He had courage. He knew what would be the consequence when a notorious book of his came to be published: a howl of execration. He went ahead. I think the writings of Lawrence have done good; his influence was needed by a large class of our fellow-creatures. He has done good negatively, as a warning to thinkers and on occasion to writers; positively, because his work is in the nature of a beneficent, taboo-shattering bomb. An American friend tells me that Lawrence's romances have been of incalculable service to genteel society out there. The same applies to genteel society in England. Scholars and men of the world will not find much inspiration in these novels. Lawrence opened a little window for the bourgeoisie. That is his life-work.

I once asked him whom he was aiming at with *Lady Chatterley*, which was just then appearing. He said:—

"The young writers. I want them to come out of their shells and be more frank. I want to encourage them—give them some 'kick'. As for the old ones—I don't care a pin whether they read *Lady C.* or not. There's nothing to be done with them; they are past human aid. Let them stew in their grease."

* * *

At that meeting I induced Lawrence to pay several whiskies-and-sodas for Orioli and myself; the surest way to win his regard was to make him suffer small losses of this kind. There must have been something wrong, however, with my masochistic theory, for not long afterwards he played a much better trick on us.

He was leaving for Germany with his wife and had invited Orioli for a farewell luncheon, his train being due to start early in the afternoon. Then it occurred to him that he would like to have me too, and he sent round word to that effect. I had another engagement but threw it over: Lorenzo was no ordinary person and, besides that, so ill that who could say whether I was ever going to see the poor devil alive again? We sat down at midday in a certain restaurant, Orioli and myself ordering the simplest dishes in view of Lorenzo's relative impecuniosity. He himself could not make up

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his mind what to eat. He was not feeling particularly hungry that day, and Frieda waited for him to decide. At last he thought he could manage some fish. They brought for his inspection the usual platter of raw fish, red mullets and the rest of them. He waved it aside; these small sea-beasts with their ten thousand bones were troublesome to deal with. Then the manager himself appeared, bearing an enormous tray in his arms. On it lay a sole, a single sole, a monster, one of the largest I ever saw in Italy; it would have done credit to Bond Street. He set it down ceremoniously and observed:—

"This, gentlemen, is no fish. It is a museum-piece. It is a wonder. Lucky the client who gets it".

Lorenzo fell in love with the museum-piece. Frieda and he would have that wonder for luncheon, or nothing at all. I thought: that's going to cost him fifty or sixty francs. Well, it was no affair of mine; this was Lorenzo's luncheon: let him do as he pleases! The sole was long in cooking. Frieda had patience, but Lorenzo fumed and grew more and more concerned about the possibility of missing his train. He continually looked at his watch: was that wretched fish never coming? At last it arrived, and the two of them devoured what they could with irreverential haste. Lorenzo glanced at his watch:—

"Good God! We're just in the nick of time. Hurry up! I can't pay now, because I've got only a few coppers and a five-hundred franc note which they'll never be able to change; we must settle up later. Now let's rush! You, Douglas, take Frieda to the station in a taxi. I'll go with Orioli in another, because I must fetch my bags at his place."

Arrived at the station Frieda, of course, had no money for the fare, because Lorenzo always kept the cash; I paid it. Orioli paid for the other taxi and the porters, because Lorenzo had only a few coppers and a five-hundred franc note which they'll never be able to change. On our way home we also settled up the combined luncheon bill; it amounted to a little less than a hundred francs for which we have not yet been reimbursed. Meanwhile Lorenzo made himself comfortable in a corner seat, with his tweed overcoat thrown about him. No reference was made to the museum-piece either then or thereafter, and as the train moved out I thought to detect—it may have been imagination on my part—the phantom of a smile creeping over his wan face.

The last time I saw Lawrence was at Bandol on the 4th January, 1930. They were living in one of those dreadful little bungalows built of gaudy cardboard—there may have been one or two bricks in it as well—which grow up overnight, like a disfiguring eruption, along that coast. Lawrence was a sick man; sick to death. His voice was weak, and he moved about with difficulty. He produced a bottle of French cognac: wouldn't I have a glass? He spoke of the flowers in their garden, of the clamour of the waves on stormy days. Not much later, in the beginning of March, I strewed a few red carnations on his grave at Venice—an inoffensive gesture.

II. Rupert Brooke

I saw him three or four times at the *English Review* office, and that is all. Though I liked his work better than most of the lyrical outpourings we received for consideration, I knew him not well enough to fall under his personal spell, as did so many others. Indeed I had a feeling that, if we two were left stranded on some desert island, we should sooner or later have come to the end of our conversational tether—we should not

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have struck sparks indefinitely. The fact of the matter is this: I like somebody whom I can dislike, or, at least, with whom I can quarrel. There was no disliking Brooke. There was no quarrelling with a supremely contented man.

In any case, he preferred me to the Editor, Austin Harrison (a good many people could not get on with Harrison), and I once received from him a letter cursing me pretty savagely for not printing some poem or poems of his, and adding, half as a joke, that I should live to repent it. That letter has disappeared. Considering my vagrant life, it is wonderful how many things of this kind have survived. As to printing or not printing his verses: what had that to do with me? I might advise and urge Harrison, and sometimes succeed in persuading him to accept a story or poem or article which appealed to me; in most cases he was obdurate, as he had a perfect right to be. He went by his own judgement, and in that particular case of Brooke's his judgement was evidently adverse. Or perhaps he had put the poem temporarily aside, with a view to making up his mind later on. Often he could not make up his mind for months and months whether to print or not; in other words, whether to return a manuscript or to keep it for further consideration. He generally kept it.

* * *

Rupert Brooke—yes! Glancing once more into his poems, I detect a note of breezy obviousness. There is a good deal of *le geste* here. For all those travels in America and the Pacific his outlook was circumscribed, and I should not call his emotional stock of that period a rich one. He was a dear, transparent, social creature, whose attitude towards everyday things reminds me of a Newfoundland puppy entering a strange room, and sniffing at all those unfamiliar objects with delighted tail-waggings. Another Brooke might have emerged in course of time, had the chance been given.

A college education fosters a college view of life. A college view of life may be both keen and just, but is unavoidably narrow. Happy the man who can absorb what such a training has to give him, and then excrete the rest. Some never succeed in doing either the one or the other: Brooke had already passed the first stage. I think there was that germinating in him which Fate hindered from coming forth, and this cannot be said of all mortals of promise who die young. It was with Brooke not a question of intellectual clarification, but of re-adjustment and appraisement of experience. Likely enough he would have realized the dream of his friends and admirers, for he possessed what is lacking in many, in too many, in far too many, of his craft: a spinal column. Brooke was vertebrate. His was a positive gift, a yea-saying to life—the poet's first requisite. The animal in him was not atrophied, as in so many of us. He was assimilative and zestful, unafraid of realities, responsive to phenomena. The spoilt-darling phase was nearing its end when he died in Tris Boukes Bay. . . .

I have been to Tris Boukes Bay. That was in 1920, round about Easter, when I spent three days on the island of Skyros.

I should not care to live on Skyros, despite the beauty of its grape hyacinths and variegated marbles—excepting always that dark red kind which is horribly suggestive of butchers' shops; despite its memories of Achilles and Theseus; despite its succulent *langoustes* and, I doubt not, its equally succulent hares and woodcocks; despite even such attractions as its vampires may afford. For vampires dwell on Skyros; there is, at least, a spot called Vampire Point which may be

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haunted by one or more of them. If I were fond of vampires I should prefer to go to a far more alluring island, to Santorin, where I could find them to my heart's content—so numerous that they have given rise to a proverb about "carrying vampires to Santorin", as we say coals to Newcastle.

It is a long walk from where the steamer deposits you to Tris Boukes Bay—twelve or fifteen miles, I should say. The track passes the fountain of Niphi (the Nymphs) embowered in oleanders: almost, or quite, the last of its kind on the island. The grave of Rupert Brooke lies in a lonesome and charming site, a dell of olives which slopes gently seaward towards Tris Boukes Bay, where never a ship now calls.

There is solitude in this favoured hollow, a solitude so intense and so kindly that one might imagine the Genii of Earth and Air still deigning to hold communion here with lovers of mortal clay. And the tomb itself, over which the foliage droops, does credit to him who reared it; naught is amiss; it is all that such a monument should be, and nothing it should not. When, on Easter Monday, the quiet was broken and I witnessed the consecration of the grave—a decent ceremony, performed, I daresay, in order to instil reverence for this memorial into the minds of a few countryfolk who might otherwise be tempted to deface it—then it struck me that Brooke's resting-place was such as a poet might well long for; where could a more desirable one be found? Hoopoes flitted about, and the grove was loud with nightingales and the twittering of goldfinches. And while I stood on that flower-besprinkled turn listening to the priest as he said his little say, my thoughts took another turn; they strayed to another tomb in another land, to the tomb of anoher Englishman whose initials were also R. B.—Richard Burton.

It passed through my soul like a chill, that vision of Burton's grave. Here, at Tris Boukes, was seclusion from the world, Aegean waters gleaming through a network of legendary olives, the sunshine of old Hellas, a firmament clear as crystal. I contrasted this shapely structure in Pentelic marble with the gimcrack Arab tent of plaster, already grimy and tawdry, where Burton reposes next to Isabel amid fogs, and suburban clamour, and a throng of decaying bigots; the spaciousness and tranquillity of my surroundings with that sordid little enclosure smelling of asphalt, past which the trains come shrieking every minute of the day.

Enviable Rupert! They allowed him to rest in peace. Lucky Rupert . . . he was not married to an Isabel Burton, else, like Richard, he would have been disinterred—ousted from this fair vale, hustled across Europe, and deposited in the dismal Catholic graveyard at Mortlake where, if I could avoid it, I should not permit my worst enemy to be buried.

III. Frank Harris

Frankie could have passed for a Balkan conspirator. I liked him: perhaps because I never saw too much of him. Unlike certain other friends, I never regretted having met him.

He wrote some admirable short stories, and those he could tell by word of mouth, in that carefully modulated bass voice of his, were as good as any of the written ones. He was different from many notable *raconteurs* in that he never played variations on the theme, never gave his hero a new hat or stick, never altered his tales by a hair. They must have been elaborated and brought to their final state of perfection in his mind, and then memorized for public utterance; I can imagine no other process. I have heard him

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tell the same story, of a white man's adventure in the African bush, at an interval of two or three years. If one could have counted the number of words used on those two occasions, if one could have measured the length of his dramatic pauses, recorded the intonation of his voice and the force of emphasis employed for this or that phrase, it would have been difficult to detect a shade of difference between the two versions. His stories were stereotyped; and how good!

Frankie thought he could ram himself down everybody's throat. He was a swashbuckler, and one of the last exponents of the art of living—of the art of living well, no matter at whose expense; at his own, if possible. Owing to a fateful flaw in his alloy he lost all that his rare combination of gifts should have gained for him. Would he have suffered this eclipse, I wonder, if he had lived in the days of Aretino, when an unscrupulous and accomplished writer could say what he liked in print, and squeeze, with impunity, the last drops of blood out of his prey?

These two men had much in common; curiously much. Both were of lowly origin, both journalists, lavish with money, charitable to the poor, dabblers in politics, collectors of paintings, of pretty women and conspicuous men; both were free-lances thriving on their wits, realists with a freshness of outlook which despised tradition and went straight to life for its themes; both were masters in the art of knowing everybody worth knowing, and choosing the right moment and the right method for extracting what they wanted out of them. Now the likeness ends. Harris could not count kings and emperors among his victims, nor men like Titian among his friends. Harris could not inspire an enduring passion such as Giovanni delle Bande Nere, the greatest warrior in Italy, felt for Aretino. It was not only that social customs and legal usage had changed since the sixteenth century. Frankie had a flaw. He died snarling; embittered and discredited. The other was a harmonious monster; a phenomenon. He raked in money and gifts and honours to his last breath, and died, they say, in a fit of laughter. . . .

Harris possessed one noble quality which is becoming extinct in England—a heartfelt and outspoken reverence for all that is admirable in art or literature. You heard no suburban chuckle and no sniggering reservations when he spoke of the great men of the past, and what they have done to make our own life worth living. On such occasions this boastful and thick-skinned adventurer was transformed into a humble disciple. In other words, he was a man. To appraise these giants frankly, at their full worth, calls for manliness of spirit—a quality which is likewise dying out.

He once got into trouble over something which he had printed in his paper called, I think, *Vanity Fair*—a libel suit, possibly, ending in a short sentence. The day after he came out of prison he said to me:—

"They treated me badly, very badly. I'm a pretty old man, you know; older than I look. Now for any number of years back I've been accustomed to wearing bed-socks. I can't go to sleep without them. Would you believe it? They didn't allow me to wear my bed-socks in prison. They took them away from me. Fancy doing that to an old fellow like me! It's the sort of indignity you can be made to suffer only in England. The torturing brutes . . ."

Yes; I liked Harris, though he once did victimize me in a small way. He had a powerful new car; wouldn't it be good fun to run down, both of us, to see his friend Joseph Conrad in Orlestone in Kent? That was in 1914 or 1915. I thought it strange that

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Frankie, with his reputation of a perfect immoralist, should be on terms of intimacy with Conrad who was the greatest stickler for uprightness I have ever known; little I dreamed that he was simply using me to get another sight (with a view to future "copy") of Conrad who, as I afterwards heard, he had met just once before, when he ran down to Kent with Austin Harrison on some other pretext. On the way there he told me of his past life in Japan, as a riveter on Brooklyn Bridge, as a cowboy, and I cannot remember what else. The moment we set foot in the house I saw that something was wrong.

Conrad managed to scrape up a polite greeting and then, after three minutes, went upstairs to sulk in his room and not to emerge again till Harris was off the premises. He did this on his usual and only too justifiable plea of gout, saying to me, as I accompanied him up the stairs:—

"I should like to know why you bring this brigand into my house. Am I never to see the last of him?"

That earlier impression, apparently, had not been favourable. Whether Harris got any "copy" out of the family I cannot say, but so far as Conrad was concerned it was a mis-spent afternoon—doubly mis-spent, because on the way home we ran into a police-trap, and Frankie was afterwards fined for exceeding the speed-limit.

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THE IRRESPONSIBILITY OF NOVELISTS: AN INTERVIEW WITH STORM JAMESON

by R. le Clerc Phillips

A few years ago I interviewed Miss Storm Jameson in New York for the Sunday issue of the New York *Times*. She was so full of ideas and expressed them in conversation with such force and ease—an ability by no means always possessed by well-known novelists—that it was to her I turned soon after my recent arrival in London when I wished to find out something about current tendencies in English fiction. In reply to my request for an interview, Miss Jameson invited me to her flat in St. John's Wood, and over the tea-table her ideas flowed with the same readiness and enthusiasm I had first observed in her in New York.

"If you want to know what I consider to be the most deplorable aspect of English fiction today," she said, "it is the social irresponsibility of the popular novelists. Here we are: the whole civilized world sliding fast to what promises to be a horrible catastrophe, the popular novelists taking absolutely no notice whatever of the conditions producing this danger and continuing to write just as if these conditions did not exist. I commented on this fact to a very popular novelist only a few days ago. I said to him: 'Don't you feel any social responsibility about it all, considering that your books are accepted by your enormous public as a realistic picture of modern life?' He replied: 'My first duty is to my wife, my family, and myself, and not to the public. After all, what the public want is to be made happy and sent to bed comfortable, for they're sick to death of being told that we're in a bad way. Just give them what they ask for, and they'll eat out of your hand. Social responsibility to the public! The public are there to keep me alive.'

"I take it", continued Miss Jameson, "that this is the attitude of the average popular novelist in England today. The public are there to keep them alive. In other words, they are just looting the shop while the world is sliding into chaos. In my opinion, it matters enormously that the most popular writers are not making the slightest attempt to deal with reality. Their neglect—or refusal, if you like—to do so might not have mattered so much in any other age; but now, when some sort of crash seems to be imminent, it matters very much indeed. There is a sense in which a novelist may be said to be more important than a teacher; he can do a good deal more harm. A great deal of what young people are taught in schools and colleges slips by them, simply because they know that they are being taught and so are on their guard against it. The normal child's resistance to direct formal education must be nearly unlimited. But the novelist gets by unchallenged. You pick up a novel in the expectation of being pleased or entertained and consequently your mind is prepared to receive everything the novelist is offering. You are fortunate if he offers you a good plot; but in most cases what he offers you is

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something much more insidious. He is offering you his attitude to life. He does this in such a way that you don't realize what is happening to you. You imagine that you are reading simply his account of some experience. Actually, you are seeing this particular experience through his eyes, feeling it through his emotions about it, and thinking about it with his mind. A transference of personality takes place, and for the time being your thoughts and feelings are those which he lends you. If you knew that this was happening to you, you would be on your guard. But you don't know; and in time, if you are a confirmed reader of Mr. Blank-Dash, the popular novelist, you find yourself looking at life with his eyes. This is, of course, a coloured account of what happens, but in essence it is a true account and it gives you some idea of the harm or good that a novelist can do. In the end, whether he does harm or good depends on the quality of his mind and the fineness or coarseness of his feelings.

"This is so obvious that it is entirely ignored and people like me are allowed to continue our deadly work without any required certificate of character. If a schoolmaster were to persuade his pupils that the best possible life consisted in having a powerful motor-car, plenty of money, love affairs, and drinks, I don't know what would happen to him. But if I choose to write a novel in which, with all the art at my command, I make such a rotten life look supremely attractive, no one rebukes me. On the contrary, I would even get paid for it.

"All this sounds as though I were saying that a novelist should have a moral purpose. I am really saying something much more flattering to the novelist. I am saying that unless he is so dull that no one reads him except reviewers (who are paid to expose their minds to every kind of infection), he cannot possibly avoid having a moral effect of some kind. When you reflect that a popular novelist is directly influencing not less than a million people, you realize that each time he publishes a new book it is as though a tiger were being turned loose in Piccadilly in the pious hope that it will turn out to be kind—or toothless.

"Imagine a novelist to whom the existing forms of life seem clumsy or half dead. His mind is constantly working on experience in the effort to present it in such a way that we see far deeper into its implications and are better able to deal with it. The work of such a novelist will be in the first instance destructive. Not, of course, deliberately or openly. But by the mere act of presenting a wider and deeper conception of life he breaks through existing conceptions, and in order to read him we must be willing to make the effort to think and feel in a new way. And this is not what most people want from a novel. They don't want to be forced into new ways of thinking. It hurts their intellectual muscles. It is, as the saying goes, too much like work. A great many persons are made exceedingly angry by reading a novel which challenges their fixed beliefs, especially their emotional beliefs, but it is difficult not to think that their anger is the sign of an inner uncertainty. They need not be alarmed, for no novelist of this kind is popular. His influence is confined mainly to people who are as bad as himself.

"Now, popular novelists do not criticize or challenge. They don't look all around an accepted belief to see whether it looks as splendid underneath as it does on top. They accept the feelings and beliefs of the ordinary uncritical man and woman. They do not refrain from criticizing because they think criticism cruel or wicked, but because, like most of us, they have uncritical minds.

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Nevertheless, they have an attitude to experience and it is this which they communicate to us in the course of telling us a story of imaginary people doing, feeling, and thinking their way through an imaginary life. Here again everything depends on the writer's attitude to life. He can make a cheap and nasty life seem splendid and exciting. It would not be proper for me to tell you what kinds of popular novels seem to me to be doing exactly this, but you can well think of some for yourself.

"Certain very popular kinds of fiction are doing exactly what modern advertising does. Modern advertising has completely altered our standards of living. With a million tongues all speaking at once, it persuades us that in order to be happy we need a car, a second car, an electric washer, a refrigerator, a wireless set, a face massage, and a holiday abroad. The result of twenty years' intensive advertising is that most of us feel that we do need one or all of these things and begin breaking our backs and hearts to get them. An alarmingly large proportion of popular library fiction makes the same assumption. Despite anything the novelist tells you to the contrary, his heroine never walks, never dusts a room, and eats only in the best restaurants. She must have a love affair or two; if the writer is what you call modern, she must have a rough and ready knowledge of Freud. Perhaps you think fiction of this sort doesn't matter. In one sense, it doesn't. In another it matters terribly. From the figures and information supplied by librarians it is clear that there is a constant flow of this dangerous stuff through the minds of millions of readers. Its final effect must be to incapacitate the minds of these millions for grappling with a new idea, or a difficult one, and to blunt their capacity for genuine feeling by drenching them with cheap emotions.

"Am I saying too much in support of my most earnest beliefs in regard to fiction?" asked Miss Jameson. "Remember that I do feel very strongly about all this. I feel sure that the common idea of a novel as something that can't do much harm even if it doesn't do good, is quite dangerously wrong. By three agents—these novels I have in mind, the sensational press, and the cinema—a new civilization is being created. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that these agents are only breaking up or spoiling an older civilization and offering nothing in its place but confused noises. Judging by their novels, not one of our most-read novelists has so much as noticed that all is not well with our civilization. Optimism is a splendid thing in its place, but I am not always sure what is its place. There are surely some times and places where it is positively indecent and disgusting, and the cast-iron optimism displayed by novelists who have the public by the ear strikes me as deserving both epithets."

"But what", I asked, "is the root cause of this refusal on the part of popular novelists to deal with reality? Is it merely the question of making money by giving the public what they imagine the public want?"

"You can put it that way," replied Miss Jameson. "They want money, as much money as they can get, and they want to be liked. One way to be liked is to go on saying: 'You're fine, we're all fine, England's fine.' It is quite true that no one will pay you to tell him that he's in a hell of a mess. It is practically impossible for a writer to be dependent on his pen and yet preserve his intellectual integrity. If a man (or woman) wants to write exactly what he thinks, feels, and sees, he must have a private income or a job. Without the one or the other, the sole alternatives are loss of integrity or starvation. Whenever young men come to me and tell

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me that they wish to take up writing as a career, I say to them: 'For Heaven's sake, don't think of it unless you have a job with a definite salary, or else a private income.' I realize, of course, that it is not an easy thing to earn one's living and at the same time to produce novels. But it can be done; it has been done. My first novels were all written while I was holding a job. I wrote in odd half hours, or in tubes and trains on slips of paper. They were very bad novels, but I don't think that this was in any way due to the conditions under which they were written. It was due to the fact that I just didn't know how to write. Naturally, only the young can do this double work, for only they have sufficient vitality to stand such a strain. But I assert that a private income or a job, if a writer has no other source of income, is the only way he can remain an honest man in regard to his literary output.

"Of course, a private income should not be too large. I should say that anything over £500 a year was as bad as having none at all. A man with more than £500 a year gets fat-minded, a mental state already achieved by some of our most popular novelists. Further, the possession of really considerable means cuts a man off from a huge range of human experiences. The fundamental truth about the present social order is that it actually creates poverty or semi-poverty for the majority of people, and this colours the whole of modern life. Without a real, intimate knowledge of what life looks like to the majority of his fellow creatures, a novelist can never hope to be better than a man of letters. Most popular novelists aren't even that—they're clowns tumbling for a living."

"But", I argued, "don't you think that the very fact that a man possesses even the moderate income of £500 a year makes him less likely to stand up against the grind and rebuffs of a literary career? A poor man must, if he has made writing his calling in life and is dependent on it. But why should a man who does not have to do so put up with the incessant disappointments, delays, and knocks that a literary career invariably means?"

"I agree that lack of financial pressure is likely to choke off the man who is not a born writer," agreed Miss Jameson. "But what does that matter? It will not deter the man —or woman—who is a born writer. Those are the only ones that we really need.

"I seem to have made the popular novelist the villain of the piece," she added. "Actually, he is nothing of the kind. He doesn't, I am sure, deliberately set out to mislead his public. He may, in expansive moments, talk rot about giving the public what they want and about his first duty being to himself. But this doesn't mean that he is being cynical about it. I think the truth is that he doesn't want to be unhappy. He wants to believe that all is for the best in the best possible of worlds. He goes on writing his cheerful or hearty, human, vivid, rich, charming—you can pick the adjectives out of any newspaper for yourself—books with the best will in the world. He just doesn't use his head for thinking. He uses it to spin out fairy tales which keep the children happy while the ship goes down. And if this were the best he could do—I mean, if there were *nothing* that could save the ship—we might be grateful to him. (A great many people are grateful to him, or he wouldn't make so much money out of his bedtime stories.) But reason, intelligence, awareness *could* save the ship, and it seems to me little short of contemptible for intelligent men to refuse to notice that something is wrong and, moreover, to go on turning out their romances in a state of glorious complacency and self-congratulation."

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COMMENTS FOR BOOKS

by James Norman Hall

I. For Ben Jonson's "Complete Works", in One Volume

To him who has this volume after me,
(Granted the bookworms have it not by then):
Greeting! And length of life to read, and be
Sealed thence, forever, of the tribe of Ben.

If you are young—say, one- or two-and-twenty,
So much more time you have to know and love him.
Here, as you observe, is God's own plenty.
Be not dismayed. Because there's so much of him.

Put not his book aside till some far day,
Some better, more convenient time to read him.
Though rich in friends, if you lack him, I say
You are not rich enough by half. You need him.

No lifeless sea of ink is this; no tomb
For words; no giant bin for bones and dust,
Giving, as you may think, at first, but room
To what is dead. Not so! Take this on trust;

And say, when you have proved him for yourself,
If you were entered on a barren quest;
And if you keep him on your highest shelf
With *Rasselas*, *Josephus,* and the rest.

"O, rare Ben Jonson!"—Who said that, well knew.
How many know it in our hurried day
Of little men? Enquire a city through;
Ask a thousand. Ten, perhaps, will say:—

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"Jonson? Oh, yes . . . Now let me see . . ." and then:
"*Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes* was his";
And there the tally ends. Rarest of men,
Such is his fame; such, in our time, it is.

But there are those who keep his memory green,
(Not that he cares if it be green or no);
May he be wise who next shall have the lien
On this old book, and, for his good, do so.

II. For Haydon's "Autobiography"

Alas, poor Haydon! Little could he have guessed
That all the giant works he left in trust
To Time and us—his confident bequest—
Would gather a century's scarce-molested dust.
"What! Dust upon *Christ's Entry*? My *Macbeth*?
My *Wellington on the Field of Waterloo*?
My *Solomon's Judgement*? *Lazarus Raised from Death*?
These matchless paintings not to have their due?"

One sees and hears him: ghostly, wrathful, striding
Some grey and boundless Purgatorial waste,
Believing in his genius still, deriding
Posterity, so blind, devoid of taste;
Convincing other lesser shades that he
Was robbed through spite of immortality.

And yet, immortal he may be—who knows?
For, once, forsaking paint, he took his pen
And sketched two poets and a man of prose,
Living, speaking, warm, as they were then,
We see them clearly in the candle-light:
Wordsworth with his "dedicated" air;
Keats, whom he first met that winter's night,
And Lamb, beside the fire, who turns to stare
At the nameless "stamp-comptrolling" Londoner,
The Muses' friend acknowledged and confessed:
"Did you say M-m-milton was a g-g-genius, sir?"
Of Haydon's works Time seems to like this best.
(And Time, as I believe, is wise and just.)
Long may it hang, nor ever gather dust.

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III. For Wordsworth's "Lyrical Poems"

Sitting at ease by this broad tranquil stream,
I ask not whence it comes nor where it goes.
Enough to watch the changing lights, and seem
To feel the peace and quietness it knows.
Rivers we have, but some run underground,
And some are turgid, sluggish streams at best;
And some are lost in froth and empty sound.
By few of them for long one cares to rest.
But here are flowers in bloom and birds in flight,
Midsummer peace, with distant church-bells ringing,
Sheep grazing in the mellow golden light
Of afternoon, and this clear river, singing
In leafy shade, or, under the open sky,
A mirror for clouds to see their beauty by.

IV. For ————————, by J. N. H.

I wish that I could know who reads this book
With me, at this same hour, the wide world over.
I wish that I could see each friend and lover
Quietly seated now in ingle-nook,
In city or town, attic or garden green,
On ships at sea, in jungles, desert lands . . .
Wherever they may be, and in their hands
This volume, like my own, perhaps, not clean,
But scuffed and stained with use and various weather . . .
Comrades, of every rank, race, age, persuasion,
Happy returns to each of this occasion!
How many of us are there, altogether?

Whirs and strikes the clock as this I write:
A melancholy "ONE" sounds through the night.

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Lion Feuchtwanger

LION FEUCHTWANGER

One of a portfolio of four life-portraits of authors by Georges Schreiber, each signed by the sitter. A similar portfolio was published last month.

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JOEL ELIAS SPINGARN

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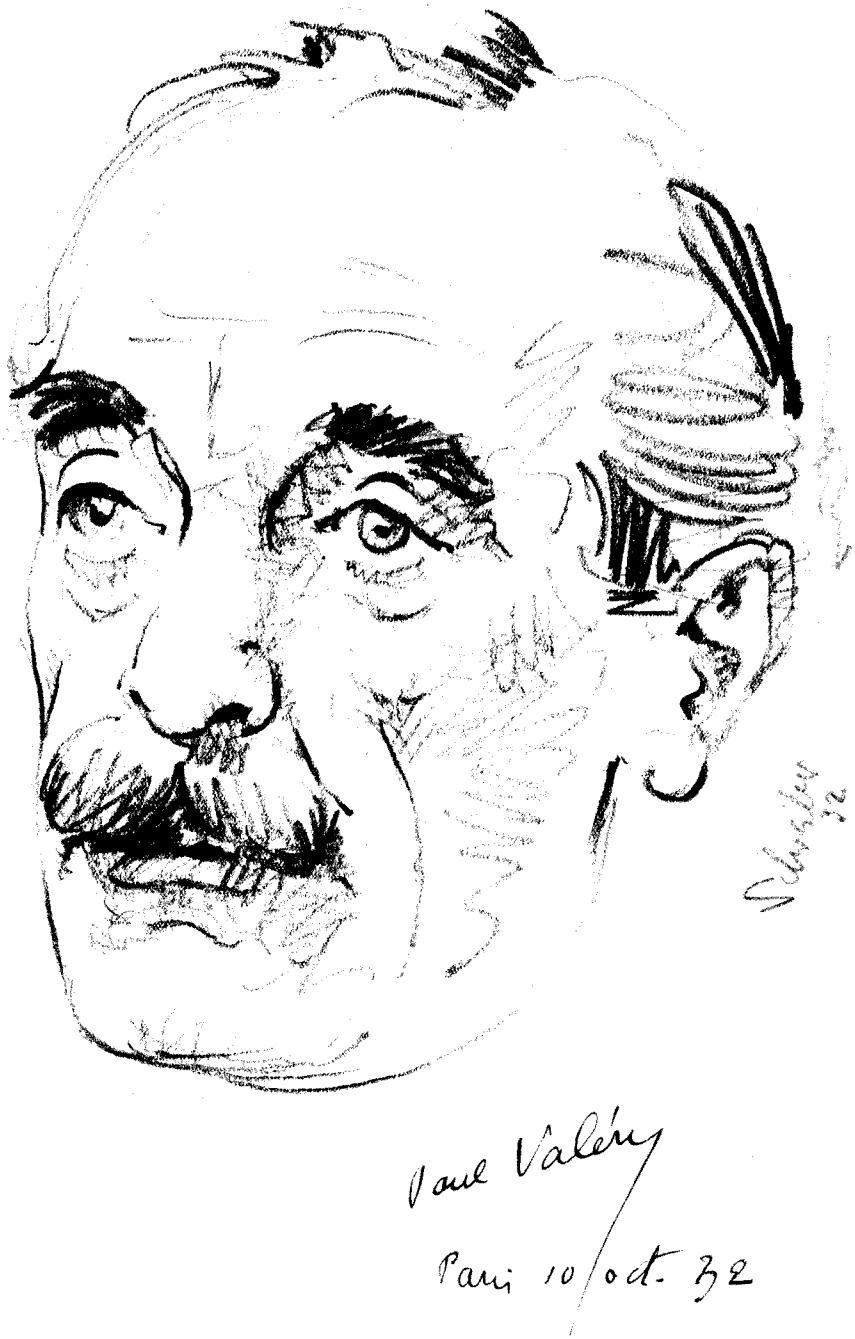
by Georges Schreiber



PAUL VALÉRY

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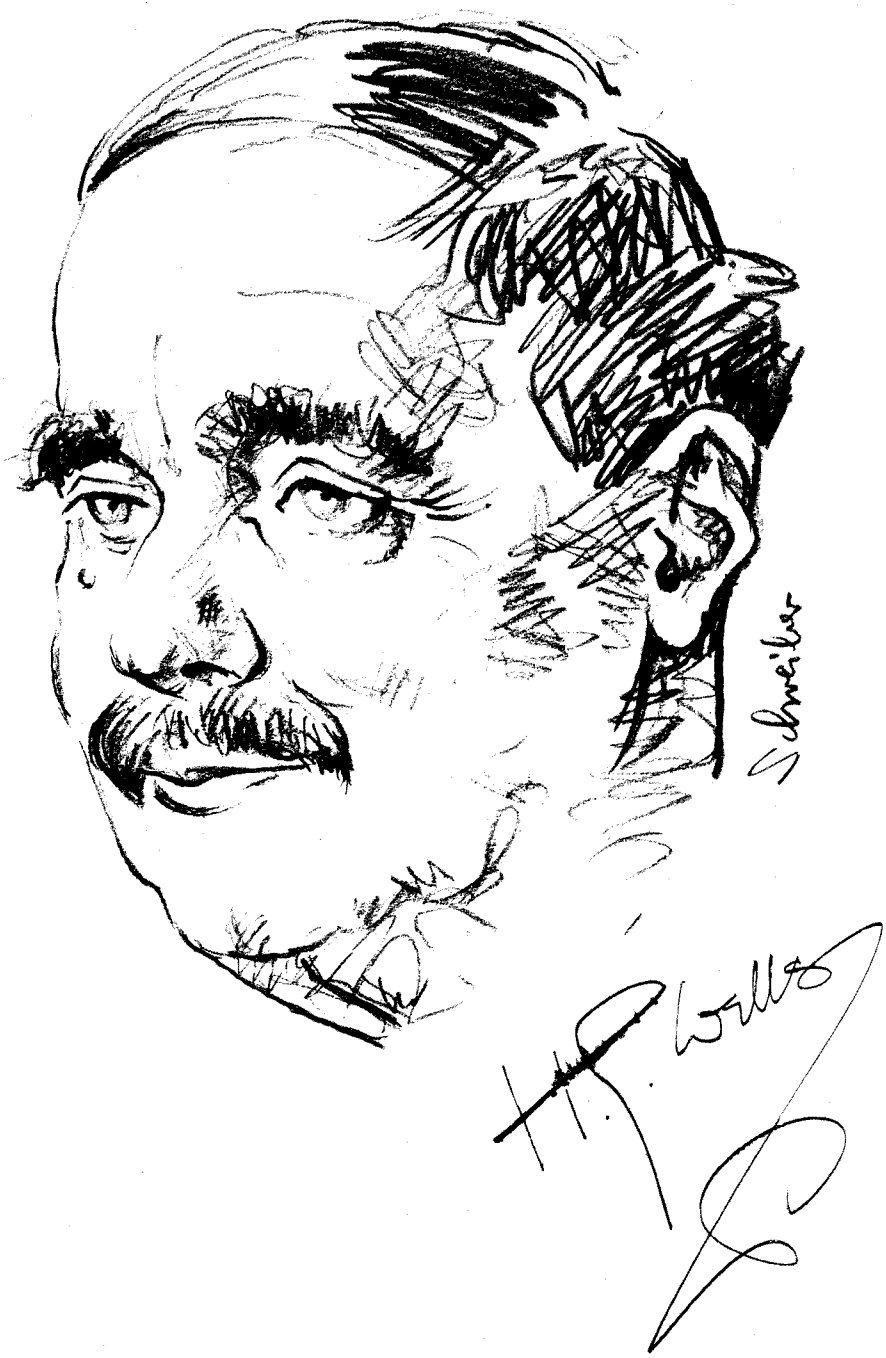

H. G. WELLS

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RUTH UNIVERSAL

THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF FIVE OPEN LETTERS

by Branch Cabell

Your letter informs me that your class in English is studying modern authors; and, through a sequence not wholly apparent, is offering a prize for the best scrapbook. You would therefore, upon the ground that you have heard my stories are very interesting, consider it a great favour if I should send you full information concerning myself, my books, and what you comprehensively indicate as "incidents in my life", along with my picture, my book-plate, and my signature. You believe that if I help you in this way you will be certain to win the prize. Your name is Ruth; you are thirteen years old; you write upon robin's egg blue paper with gilt edges; and you are a member of the Sophomore Class in an Indianian high-school.

Along with your letter, as it happens, I have also a letter from Millicent, who is a Junior in a Californian high-school. In order to pass her English course Millicent has to complete a project (whatever that may mean) pertaining to my books. She directs me to help her by telling as much as I have time to write in a letter, which, she stipulates, must be signed by me personally, about myself, my life, my publishings, and what authors have most influenced me, "sending all material along that line", and any pictures of my home and of me which would aid Millicent in illustrating her scrapbook. "She directs", I say: for Millicent's tone is void of shilly-shallying: I imagine she is related to the county tax-collector, or perhaps to the sheriff, and has observed fondly the epistolary manner of her kinsman.

Well, and yesterday I had a similar letter from Jerome, who attends a high-school on Long Island; the day before yesterday I received virtually the same letter from Edward, who is in his second year at high-school in Chicago; and tomorrow and the day after tomorrow, even until next May, I shall find in my morning's mail just such letters from yet other schoolchildren.

My dear Ruth, you and your compeers have thus become an infernal nuisance. It would in some aspects be pleasant enough to devote the remainder of my life on earth to compiling amply illustrated monographs about myself, for you and Millicent and Jerome and Edward and all the others; but second thought suggests that such daily employment would hardly prove self-supporting. I am thus urged to refuse you by commonsense: to the other side, I am not able, with any comfort, to deny the request of a child, howsoever inordinate.

So I am sending you my book-plate, and a photograph which I regret to say is a faithful likeness, and a long list of the books I have published, and a charitably brief pamphlet that will tell you quite enough about these books to forestall any need of your trying to read them.

But you ask also that I tell you about the author of these books. You have thus set for

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me a theme concerning which my views are both biased and limited by the merciful dictates of human vanity. Yet I willingly record for you, rash child, the thoughts which occur to me when I think frankly about myself.

I ONCE delighted in the romances of William Harrison Ainsworth, particularly in *Crichton*. I remember when cows went at their own free will about the streets of Richmond, which city has now an estimated population of 182,929 human beings, in addition to Ellen Glasgow and John Powell and myself. Once and a while I wonder who wrote the three children's books about Tim Pippin (the giant-killer, the beloved of Princess Primrose), and if these books are still procurable anywhere? I am fond of mushrooms prepared in any fashion, but I find them least appetizing when cooked with a cream sauce. When I buy a pair of garters (of the double-grip variety) and the salesman asks me what colour I prefer, I cannot imagine what difference the colour of his garters can make to any man.

During the World War I served my country by designing the coat-of-arms of the Eightieth Division. I have never played golf nor indulged in any form of outdoor exercise. My knowledge of butterflies is confined to the fact that the white ones feed upon cabbage leaves and the purple ones upon clover. I have not carried nor pawned a watch now for some fifteen years. Of every parcel which comes to me I preserve the string and the wrapping-paper with demented thrift. Such are the thoughts which occur to me when I think frankly about myself.

My blood pressure, my pulse, and my metabolism are all so abnormally low as to interest the medical profession: of the three I can understand only what my pulse is. The people of whom I am fondest appear to me to be uncommonly tedious in their talk. Although credited with murder, I was not really the philanthropist who committed it. I once renewed a subscription to *Vanity Fair*. I do not easily digest milk or ham or fried food of any sort. I have not yet read *Ulysses*, and at this late day I in all likelihood shall not ever read *Ulysses*. My birthplace is now an upstairs room in the Richmond Public Library.

I peculiarly enjoy the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, almost any compilation of folk-lore, the odes of Horace, and William Winter's unintentionally comic two volumes about Richard Mansfield. I think too much about books: it is perhaps some retroactive effect of starting life in what afterward became a library. I never argue any matter with anyone except when peach ice cream or chipped beef is served to me in my own home. I like sunsets, genealogy, Benedictine, illiterate women, and small china animals. With my dinner coat I continue to wear a turn-down collar. Such are the thoughts which occur to me when I think frankly about myself.

I do virtually all my own typewriting, employing only the forefingers of each hand, and the left forefinger but for the shift-keys. In dressing each morning I am careful to put on the right foot sock first. In addition to the books I have published I wish that I had also written, with a little compression, *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne,* and *Henry Esmond* very much as it stands. I can never think of anything to say to a clergyman. Thunderstorms frighten me. I understand nothing whatever about motor cars except that it is a point of honour to go up all hills in high, and that the radiator is the thing in front.

It does not seem logical that I have looked at every painting and sketch and water colour in the Musée Gustave Moreau (includ-

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ing the three hundred little ones in the revolving stand), but have not yet seen Niagara Falls. To touch the skin of a peach sets my teeth on edge: so does the sight of a cut and wilted flower. I am stingy in small money matters. I dislike nobody, now that Woodrow Wilson is dead. In writing prose I observe that I do not naturally employ the *Ionic a minore* or the third pæon. I support twenty-eight goldfish, each of whom has his or her own name. I have never been cordially moved by philanthropy or altruism. When a dentist is working on my teeth I find it an immense comfort to wave both feet in the air. Such are the thoughts which occur to me when I think frankly about myself.

I HAVE set down these particulars as they occur to me, my dear Ruth, so that you may duly communicate them to the teacher who suggested that you write the letter which I now answer. In addition I am asking you to tell your teacher that, apart from the present good standing of the *monologue intérieur*, I have yet further literary authority for answering a fool (by which I do not at all mean you, my dear) according to his folly. I would like you also to inform your teacher that I esteem him (or, it may be, her) as a most meritorious candidate for the cucking-stool, the knout, the bastinado, and the decisive torture of the pilliwincks.

For while one does not look for distinguished mental ability within the confines of a high-school, I do think that even a school-teacher is none the worse off for an occasional gleam of intelligence and commonsense. Yet week after week these jacks-in-office, to every appearance, are inciting their pupils to read my books—in itself a venial and even a generous idiocy—and to write me such letters as I have indicated. I assert here no pre-eminence in affliction: every author known to me is annoyed over and yet over again with such letters. Authors have come to regard such letters as an unavoidable custom, as a sort of nuisance tax upon the second edition. From every high-school in the country, I infer, scores upon scores of such letters are sent out every week during the school term. And as a rule some sort of prize is offered for the child who secures the most comprehensive and most lively extortion from his or her auctorial victim. The entire process has, in brief, become a custom.

It follows that of all the pests who annoy me with the connivance of the United States Post Office Department, you, my dear Ruth, are the most pestiferous. The others can at worst be ignored with a clean conscience: but one views a child rather differently. A child of thirteen, if there were nothing else, is just about to begin a life sentence in the penitentiary of mature existence; and one really does prefer in these last moments to gratify the least wishes of the condemned. Your scrapbook, and your English course, and the prize which you may or may not win, will very soon not matter to you, I know: but the point is that they do matter now. Everything matters at thirteen. It is indeed the beginning of a time of life so full of emotion and breathlessness and surprise, and so brief, that (as I but now suggested) you ought to waste no moment of this not wholly happy but wholly interesting season in reading books.

IN fact I am here tempted to advise you throughout the length of your mortal living to avoid books consistently. Books have their merits, such merits as old Richard De Bury has well expressed in a fine medley of Scriptural metaphors. Books, let us grant with him, are golden urns in which manna

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is laid up, they are rocks flowing with honeycombs; they resemble the four-streamed river of Paradise, whereby the human mind is fed, and the arid intellect is moistened and watered; they are even as fruitful olives, as vines of Engaddi, and as fig-trees knowing no sterility. But I incline to part company with the bibliophilic Bishop of Durham when he adds that books are burning lamps to be ever held in the hand.

Yet I don't know: no sane person lights a lamp before dusk, and toward the evening of life it is true that books do come in well enough to kill time for a stinted while before time kills you. The figure holds, it may be, barring only the word "ever"; for one should remember, if but tacitly, that books can afford at best a stop-gap between the serious doings of any well-conditioned life. Books, in brief, have been vastly over-advertised.

The self-evident trouble here is that all the millions of imposing pæans written and printed about books have originated perforce among writers. Indeed I myself have composed several of them. It is well therefore to appraise these sayings in somewhat the same spirit which one extends to the no less eloquent encomia of shaving creams and of ginger ales and of toothpastes encountered in the back of most magazines: the sentiments expressed there are lofty, and altruistic, and for the while convincing; yet they have been prepared, after all, by the proprietors of these delights with a noble design to make of these supreme human blessings merchandise.

Just so, most of the fine things which writers have said about books, and about literature in general, do come to us as a sort of glorified "sales talk". Books, as one should say, are well enough in their proper place: but during your youth at any rate, my dear Ruth, that place is, I rather think, on the bookshelf.

There are, you see, when a girl is young, so very many other things to do except to read with the light falling properly at your left shoulder, things which will not hold over and await meekly a deferred engagement like Dante and Shakespeare, or marriage and death. I shall not indicate these things beyond the general statement that most of them require the avoidance of any serious sequel and the co-operancy of a boy. Yet it does occur to me in this place that I was once privileged to hear Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer address a girls' school. He exhorted his enthralled young hearers very movingly, I remember, to pay no further attention whatever to their assigned studies, nor to the possible comments of their teachers, but to remember always that the main duty of every girl was to acquire charm, since charm was the sole needed asset of womanhood. I incline to agree with Mr. Hergesheimer, in so far that I think a woman who possesses the indefinable quality called charm need lack for nothing else in a worldful of men all eager, and many of them able, to satisfy her desires. She has but (in the words of yet another competent instructor of young women) to be good to some man who can be good to her, and all bright blessings shall be added to her abundance.

To the other side, I do reflect that one may not properly nurture that which one lacks. I do not believe that feminine charm is a matter to be acquired by pains-taking, like the French language or a bank account, but think it to be an innate gift highly cultivable. And, to my finding, not one woman-child in a hundred—but what do I say! not one, I mean, in a thousand—is born with that same indefinable quality called charm. To these luckless women who compose the unmagnetic majority, books, I admit, can do no great hurt: books properly selected may

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even help them by-and-by to become physicians or social workers or United States Senators or very famous novelists, and may in this way mitigate by not a little their predestined failure in life.

But upon this matter, my dear child, I am prejudiced. I know only that the woman whom I find most attractive, and by far the most inexplicably contented, avoids books somewhat as I myself avoid watermelons, not out of any active distaste, but simply as one who finds them not worth bothering with. In fact, during our twenty years' acquaintanceship she has to my knowledge read but two books from beginning to end, these peculiarly favoured volumes being Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Love among the Artists* and Mr. Sinclair Lewis's *Free Air*. My own books she has looked into, as each first came from the publishers, and has then put aside without comment—and yet too with the sort of silence which made me feel I was getting off rather lightly.

But that is hardly the point. The real point is that I envy this marvelously gifted woman's capacity to meet author after author, and to get on with them handsomely (even be they female) without affecting the least interest in, or the most faint notion of ever reading, their balderdash. It is a truly breath-taking accomplishment which I, who am made of feebler stuff, can but covet hopelessly. I reflect perforce what a vast deal of double-dealing and what tedious sessions of time-wasting this accomplishment, if but I possessed it, would save me, day after day, when I meet precisely the same authors. And it is an accomplishment, too, which keeps me in a meek state of unwillingness to believe that any woman-child, in a world wherein almost anybody is rather more than apt to be married occasionally by an author, can be well prepared against her future through enforced contact with books. I incline contrariwise, after thus confessing my unavoidable bias, to resent this notion.

Above all do I resent the notion that my books, of all books, should be inflicted upon an undefended girl-child, along with algebra and geography and spelling and yet other nuisances of school life. I wish very heartily, my dear Ruth, that you could understand the unimportance and the evanescence of all these matters. As a cloud passes, so will they depart from you imperceptibly.

You will never note their going. Only by-and-by in the unerudite hours of maturity, when nobody who is worth knowing knows anything in particular, will you recall that dark tyranny of useful and improving knowledge which molested your girlhood contemporaneously with mumps and chicken pox and pimples. From every one of these youthful ills—at fifty-three, let us say—you will have recovered forever: they will then seem to you as dim and futile as at that date will seem the first gawky boy to take liberties with your person: you will recall these matters, if at all, with the same vague smiling. Geography and algebra and that man in Virginia's books, whoever he was, will be at one with pimples and the finger-nail which hurt you a little very long ago: none will matter a bean's worth to the slack hedonism of your middle age.

I know that for my part, when I reflect on my own Merovingian school-days, and upon the many things which I was then taught, and which I once "knew", I am divided between self-admiration and a wonder which, within reasonable limits, is wild with all regret. And it seems to me a sound parable.

For I admire, I repeat, without in the least bit envying, my erstwhile accomplishments.

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With all history how familiar was I (fond memory now remarks, in a state of proper pride), with what lists of monarchs at my finger-tips, and with leading dates and decisive battles at the tip of my tongue! What countries could I not bound, with a crisp *résumé* of the capital of each, the larger cities, main rivers, and chief exports, in the same hour that I dealt masterfully with compound interest and cube roots and cosines? In five languages also was I skilled: I harboured information as to irregular French verbs, and I knew the approved order of adverbial clauses under varying conditions in Germany; I discovered for myself that the dulness of *Don Quixote* had not been inserted by the Anglophobe who translated this dreadful book into English; I was very learned in the metres of Catullus and Horace, and I wrote with my own hands a monograph upon the verbals in *-tos* as they are employed by Æschylus. It is really wonderful how much I have forgotten. There was calculus, for instance: I graduated in this science with full honours; but today, beyond a prevailing impression that some of it was differential, and that you did it on a large blackboard and so got your finger nails uncomfortably full of chalk, I have no least notion as to what calculus was like.

Well, but my point is that today the history has all been rewritten and the geography thoroughly changed (with a neat filling up, I observe, of the interior of Africa and the two polar regions) so that the most of what I once knew as to these matters is today not true, even if I could remember any of it. What was taught me as to astronomy and psychology appears today as unveracious as what was taught me about the prevalence of Anglo-Saxon influence in the higher reaches of our racial character and literature. It develops that (after the long years I gave over to revering them) there were no Anglo-Saxons. Their vacated eminence in learned esteem has been filled by Nordics. The chemistry I studied in the basements of William and Mary might as well have been acquired from Paracelsus at the University of Basle. Hardly a word of it holds true any longer. Even physics, they tell me, does not adhere to its former views of lightning rods and crystallization and the infallibility of Sir Isaac Newton: so that here too I did but laboriously amass a great deal of misinformation. Only a little of that which I learned about literature, in brief, remains unshaken, and yet clings to me as a ruthless impediment to my ever winning a Pulitzer prize or to my being taken in, in any sense, by the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

I HAVE not a doubt, my dear Ruth, that a majority of the things you are now being taught at your Indianian school (including the advisability of a polite interest in my books) will, by the time when you have happily forgotten all about these tedious matters, be equally discredited. You may perceive then, in due season, that these impositions of your school-days (*quorum pars fui*, without in the least intending it) are in some sort a parable. All through our lives the teacher, in one or another high disguise, stands at our elbows, eternally teaching, and for the most part teaching nonsense. Yet the name of every well-thought-of teacher, under all robings and honorary degrees, is custom; and we must all listen respectfully, because custom teaches at each particular moment the approved sum of human wisdom.

By-and-by perhaps one notices that the lessons are inconsistent, and deviate from what was taught yesterday: as it was taught me, for example, that the interior of Africa was for all practical purposes vacant (the reports

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from no exploring party led by H. Rider Haggard being considered final), just so was it then taught that Jehovah sat immediately overhead, that no virtuous woman smoked, and that mutton-suet cured colds. Upon none of these four tenets does custom insist today: we are told of quite other eternal verities; and I for one must continue to listen to this never-resting instructor with rather more of respectfulness than of faith. For against this great and universal teacher I at fifty-three am powerless, and as inefficient as you are at thirteen to resist the dictates of that lesser dullard who has prompted you to annoy me with your absurd blue-and-gilt letter.

So do I approach my moral. This, Ruth, is the whole parable: we are all at school every day of our lives; and but a little of what we are taught remains true overnight. The familiar verities and all the generally accepted knowledge, nay, even the tacit assumptions and the most simple axioms, of each human generation are discarded unceasingly. They are put aside with a continuance so inflexible that every morning their revered pedestals are occupied by fresh fallacies. Indeed, the approved sum of human wisdom has been altered, somewhere, in the very while that you read this sentence; and facts which were undeniable but a heart-beat back have become no longer true.

Yet always, at every instant, custom teaches us, this and this only is the entire truth at last, this and this only is demanded of the well-thought-of person now and forever. And custom does not put up with any least scepticism in the while that custom continues to instruct the civilized in the established faith of all rational beings during this particular forenoon.

It is a situation wherein the observant pupil may well temper a respectful attitude with some inner dubiety: yet he will perform each task, meanwhile—just as you and I are doing, my dear—which the teacher directs. To do that is neither brilliant nor heroic; but it is relatively safe. And to such truisms about life do we, in the end, return.

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LONGFELLOW

AN ESSAY IN REPUTATIONS

by Arthur Colton

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago our most popular contemporary poets were Longfellow and Tennyson; both were admired in high cultural places as well as in low. Forty years ago Tennyson was still admired in those places; there were spots on his shining armour, but he still reached men, ethically and aesthetically, where they were sensitive, and the security of his status was a common assumption. The books of both seemed to be everywhere, Longfellow's perhaps the more omnipresent of the two. But it was no longer the thing to admire Longfellow. My own reactions were indicative enough of adolescence in that era. The *Idylls* were still glamorous, but *Hiawatha* was boring and a little absurd. I remember rather liking *The Golden Legend* and *The Spanish Gypsy*, probably because the faces of the Middle Ages and old Spain looked through their pallid windows. *Evangeline* was mushy. Every Longfellow lyric was loaded with a lesson, or at least with a sweet thought, and sweet thoughts were growing sickish. Yet a Tennyson lyric would sing even if it gushed. One felt colour and craftsmanship in Tennyson, the imagination's pleased surprise; but in Longfellow, when the "sweet thought" grew stale, what was there left? Language as commonplace as the face of a clock, rhythm as uninspired as its ticking. What reactions were there but the stock reactions? One conceived a positive dislike for that young man who reproved the pessimistic psalmist and climbed the Alps in witness of his idealism. "A hell of a thing to climb the Alps for!" snorted irreverent adolescence. It was the same young man, whether he cried "Excelsior" or "Life is real, life is earnest", and one might be assured that his pocket handkerchief was always clean. In the last decades of the century there were signs already of the revolt which later grew so bitter and emphatic against

> The false idealities of the last age,
> The humbug, the soft cruelty, the mawkishness,
> The heavy tyrannical sentimentality . . .

And yet if, in the eyes of the rising and critical generation, Longfellow's star had set, he had at that moment a wider celebrity than any other living American or English poet. In England his popularity ran close after Tennyson's, and on the Continent it was far ahead. He was translated into most European and several Asiatic languages. The sultan's vizier and the swami on the Ganges quoted Longfellow, and *The Psalm of Life* was read in Chinese ideographs. None of our nineteenth-century poets except Byron had such Continental vogue. A singular coupling! But it goes still further. One carried Longfellow up the Rhine and through Italy as one carried Byron. One could not look at the Belfry of Bruges, or the Bridge of Sighs, or the covered bridge at Lucerne, or the twilight on Lake Leman, without thinking of the tempestuous or the peaceful poet. Romance sometimes wears purple and

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sometimes lavender. Romance of flamboyant sin, romance of fireside sentiment. Do you prefer the "maiden with the meek brown eyes", or that she should "walk in beauty like the night"? If the age of Longfellow romanced about virtue, the ages that preceded and followed him romanced about vice, or had that variation among their cults. The blameless Arthur and his knights dripping with nobility succeeded the remorseful but unchastened Manfreds, Harolds, and Corsairs; and after the Round Table came a new issue of melodious Satanisms, Flowers of Evil, ruby grapes of Proserpine, a second era of shock tactics. There has been lately a renewed interest in Wordsworth, not because of any new communion with the mystic soul of nature, but because of the discovery that the poet had an illegitimate child. That is the contemporary, or has been the recent, mood. If Thomas Hardy led a wholly quiet, domestic life, still it is something that several of his novels were thought scandalous, and that at least he was considered a pessimist. The "white Mr. Longfellow" was almost too immaculate for any biographical use, but there was the witty expedient of calling him "Henry". ("Hank" was coarse, "Harry" too emphatic, but "Henry" had the right rapier tick which indicated our principles in respect to little tin gods and the romance of virtue.)

America was once a romance to Europe, and Europe is still something of a romance to many Americans. Both romances have faded in the light of familiarity. I fancy that Longfellow's generation had the American's romantic idea of Europe at its best. The colonial dependence was gone, but fast steamers had not yet brought proximity. His generation felt isolated and American, felt the vague unrest of separation from the sources and background of its civilization. To traveled Americans such as Franklin and Jefferson Europe had been quite a matter-of-fact conception. It had meant politics, trade, negotiation, and such practical matters. To Franklin it meant also a cultivated society; to Jefferson architecture, of the strictly classic order. To neither of them did it mean romance. To us in these latter days it has again more of the Jefferson and Franklin meaning. To Longfellow's generation, going to Europe meant going to the land of one's dreams.

The second decade of the nineteenth century, then, saw in the change of its mood toward Europe the end of one era and the beginning of another. This second decade saw a new domestic era as well: the passing of uncertainty regarding the great experiment. Political discussion had been violent to a degree that can only be realized now by reading some of it, and this violence can only be understood by remembering how anxious and doubtful the time had been. There was a thrill in Longfellow's exordium to *The Building of the Ship* that it is not easy in these days to revive:

> Thou too sail on, O Ship of State!
> Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
> Humanity with all its fears,
> With all its hopes of future years,
> Is hanging breathless on thy fate.

That was thought to be literally true. But a new generation had risen that felt settled into its nationality, convinced that after all the ship was not going to pieces. The storm in Europe, revolutionary and Napoleonic, seemed to have passed. The new nation had been tossed in its surges, but not wrecked. One could look ahead with some confidence.

> Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
> 'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
> Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
> Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
> Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
> Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
> Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

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That was written toward the end of the second quarter of the century, but it spoke to the mood of a whole generation, and explains the attitude of many a good man and sensible toward questions of that day.

The terrors of political as well as physical pioneering being measurably passed, America's first literary era was the first result, and the European noted with surprise that the new literature was not rugged, daring, boisterous, red blooded, but reflective, imitative, cultural. Not one decent curse to be found in it anywhere! There was more refinement than power. Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier were decidedly mild. Cooper's frontiersman was an endless moralizer. Holmes was as clever and urban as a habitant of Piccadilly. What had the shaggy new continent to do with Hawthorne, or Poe, or Emerson? Thoreau was a bookish naturalist, with a style as civilized as Rousseau's, and a hostility to civilization hardly less theoretical. It was not a literature of storm and stress or hard-bitten frontiers, but of reaction and escape from these things. A frontier era may be thrilling and absorbing, but between it and a deep civilization there is a long stretch less attractive than either, a little dreary and vacant. The hunger that most of its occupants feel is not for more wildness, but for more sweetness and light. Witness Hamlin Garland on the Middle Border. If one is looking for explanations of Longfellow's attraction for multitudes of his countrymen, one might begin with that clarity which the simplest could understand, and that refinement and gentleness which so many vaguely longed for, but which was so slow to come.

In fact, industry followed more closely after the receding frontier than did culture. The factory generally preceded the college. And the industrial town was rawer than the wilderness. The industrial revolution and the romantic movement were contemporaneous currents that did not blend. Their separateness and opposition was a nineteenth-century phenomenon both of life and of literature: hard-shelled industry, and poetry with its head in the clouds and its feet nowhere—Shelley and Poe in one alley, Adam Smith and Commodore Vanderbilt in another, each alley oblivious of the other's existence. That is Mr. T. S. Eliot's complaint against the nineteenth-century poets—that they were out of touch with realities. The present-day situation can be partly put in the same terms: it is a demand that the two shall blend. A world of facts and factories without art and ideals is unhuman. The poetry of dreamland and escape is unsubstantial. Art must take in industry and industry must acquire a vision. Literature is no more a soap bubble than is a Sunday School; neither is business the substance of life. The demand of literature that it shall not only reflect our lives but give us something that life does not give, is always with us, but there have been, in this country, some peculiar reasons for that demand.

II

Mr. A. Edward Newton, a bibliophile of more than usual parts, has not collected Coleridge since Augustine Birrell proved to him that Charles Lamb, the butterfly wit who stuttered and drank, was a strong man of cool courage and iron will, while Coleridge, the philosopher, prophet, and preacher, was a flabby moral weakling. Birrell was quite right about both men, but to lose interest in Coleridge on that account is no better than to renew interest in Wordsworth on account of his illegitimate child. It is comparable to the criticism which thinks Byron's career more important than his

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poetry, and does not care for Milton because he was a dour Puritan. This is biography kidnapping literature. The important thing about Byron is his poetry; the essential thing there is not that he led a fast life but that he had a quick mind. Milton's "organ voice" is no more Puritan than pagan. The value of the *Odyssey* would not be increased by *The Life and Letters of Homer,* nor is it diminished if there happens never to have been any such person. Professor Lowes knows all about Coleridge's moral flabbiness or weakness of will, but it does not especially interest him. A faculty like Coleridge's, with little will power to dominate it, was perhaps all the better for Professor Lowes's purposes, a more unmixed phenomenon. The biographical approach to literature is a possible approach, but it is not the only one; to make it the only one is pretty surely to go astray. A poet's work is no more to be explained by his biography than is a painter's or musician's. Biography may make illuminating comments, but the essential is inaccessible, or less accessible, in that way than in the work itself. His peculiar gift is often, as in the case of Coleridge, not the expression of the whole man, but a something that he carries, grafted into him, so to speak, an expression of some part of him. Anyone who has written verse is likely to have had the curious after-sensation of not recognizing himself in it. It is as if he looked in a mirror expecting to see himself and sees instead a face that does not look like his own. Some part of him has done it, but most of the elements of his identity as he conceives it are not there, so far as he can see.

Biography can raise more dust than it clears. If there is sometime to be, and I suspect there will be, a revival of Longfellow in the estimate of the critical, it will be neither because of nor in spite of his blameless and somewhat colourless life. The revival will take place first because his work conveys the atmosphere or mood of a vanished era; and, second, because it has qualities and values in respect to the practice of an art that are, or ought to be, good in any era. Some aspects of that era have already been touched on, and are too complex to go into further. The political calm between two storms, the stern theology softened to a more or less bland Unitarianism, the romance of Europe and antiquity, the strong tradition of social and moral propriety, the culture of New England centring toward Boston and Cambridge, and beginning to be fertile of letters, and so on—it is the atmosphere around these things, not their description and analysis, which finds conveyance in the poets.

In respect to the practice of his art two points seem to stand out: first, the extraordinary amount of him that sticks in the memory; and, second, his practice of the art of narrative in verse.

One remembers *The Village Blacksmith, The Old Clock on the Stairs, The Bridge at Midnight,* scores of little shrines of sentiment on which the critical comment wearily that the verse of them is as commonplace as the moral. True enough; the verse values are not thrilling, but they are there.

> Oft in sadness and in illness
> I have watched thy current glide,
> Till the beauty of its stillness
> Overflowed me, like a tide.

It looks commonplace. But is it? It fits the subject and mood like a glove. It flows like water—silky, effortless, with no edges or jars. It is full of labials and sibilants, things that the critical are supposed to notice. But I was not thinking of these little altars of mild meditation. It was rather lines like the following, which planted themselves in my memory, multitudes of them, forty years ago, and

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have stuck like burrs. Outside of the inevitable Shakespeare I find it difficult to think of any poet who has planted so many.

Ploughing under the morning star
Old Iron-beard of Yriar
Heard the summons, chuckling with low laugh . . .

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,
And he gnawed through bone and marrow;
But without a groan or shudder
Raud the Strong blaspheming died . . .

And he shouted, as the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!" . . .

* * *

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Caesar's conquering car
At battle's call.

The last lines remind me that the *Coplas de Manrique* is a translation that does not read like a translation. Most of Longfellow's translations are fairly close to the originals both in sense and rhythm, but, like Fitzgerald's *Rubáiyát*, they often read like originals.

Oh let the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake;
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

Translation usually walks fettered and tame, but this runs free.

However, if Longfellow is to be admired again in high cultural places, I suspect it will be chiefly for his narrative verse; specifically, the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. The spell of a story has always been unlike any other spell in literature; and most storytelling used to be in verse chiefly because it was easier to remember, and in part because it added another incantation to the spell of narrative. It still does so. It is a kind of fiction that we are likely to see more of, rather than less, in the future. How much, or what kind of things not strictly narrative, a narrative can carry and not lose its stride, is a variable question, answered by examples and by instinct. Now Longfellow's instinct was very sure; hence the value of his example. He never lets his story get tangled in its garments. There are more felicitous lines, more originality, more ideas, in Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal* than in *The Monk of Casal Maggiore*, but the story gets bogged. It is plain that Longfellow knew how to write a short story and Lowell did not. *The Falcon of Ser Frederigo* was taken from Boccaccio, who took it from someone else, and point by point the Longfellow verse version moves more swiftly, with less unserviceable impedimenta, than Boccaccio's prose. *Emma and Eginhard, Elizabeth, The Birds of Killingworth*—how delicately they are finished; how quiet, but how efficient! No hackneying repetition should disguise the fact that *Paul Revere's Ride* is vivid and well done. Longfellow was no Byron, and the romances of virtue and vice may fight their own battles; mountain torrents and meadow brooks are quite different phenomena; but we are noticing here that *The Siege of Corinth* is a story that drags, fumbles, and gets tangled in its garments, whereas *Scanderbeg* is in the saddle at the first line and goes through to the end at a run. We are suspecting that, within his limitations and barriers which are evident enough, Longfellow was a consummate artist. He had none of the purple murex of John Keats with which so many nineteenth-century poets stained their robes. Our early New Englanders wrote eighteenth-century English, and they had more intellectual lucidity than imaginative reach or emotional depth. As their homes were of Colonial or Georgian architecture, so were their temperaments and diction reasonable and self con-

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tained, not reaching after terror and wonder or passioning after the inexpressible.

They were as emancipated, however, from the heroic couplet as their English contemporaries. Longfellow learned rhythms from old Spanish, German, and Scandinavian poetry, from English and Scotch ballads. Those rhythms were free and emphatic, not subtle or sophisticated. His lines are easy to remember not only because they are vigorous, but because they are always simple and distinct, like those of Burns or Goldsmith or Gray in his *Elegy*. His rhythm and diction are as traditional as his thinking—minor modifications of old precept. His practice of narrative has the wisdom of the ancient of days. It is as unstrained as Boccaccio's or La Fontaine's, and has the same technique as Grimm's *Fairy Tales*. The verse never hampers the story's flow, but plays the subordinate accompaniment of a minstrel's harp. It lifts it, but does not take it joy-riding to the moon. It does not matter whether you believe this practice accidental or the result of theory and conscious artistry. If you would suggest that he held the closer to his story because his inventive imagination was none too vigorous, the suggestion is reasonable. But the result remains. And also the suspicion remains that, when we have got far enough away from it, we shall see that the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* is both traditional and unique. By that time we may have reacted from the psychological to the objective again, away from the complex to the plain, away from indecisive experiment to definite principles, and so be able to see once more that all creative artists are also imitators. Longfellow retold the old stories, as did Chaucer, and his manner is as unmistakable. It is not a salient style, but it is perceptible, sufficient, and firm. It is not a stained-glass but a plain-glass style. If the issue had been put to a Greek he would have said that the best style is the transparent, not the stained. If the question comes back to us, we admit the Greek reasons but find it still a question. But we may say to the young poet who proposes to write stories in verse: this is one of the very oldest of the arts; every conceivable experiment has been tried on it; if there is any discernible verdict of survival, it is mainly in favor of the plain-glass style and the straight course without too much pomp and circumstance; and, if there is any such thing as the "right method", Longfellow had the right method.

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A PORTFOLIO

LOST BOOKS

READING Dickens . . . it is strange to see, emerging from the novels he wrote, like fumes from a cauldron, the vague cloudy emanations of the novels he never achieved."

That is a quotation from Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner's introduction to *The Week End Dickens*, a book that every good Dickens man must buy very quickly. For its title tells its purpose. It is not at all meant for that feeble and unworthy race who are content to study their authors in books of "selections" and "choice passages" and "wit and wisdoms". It is by no means for your titbits scholar. On the contrary: it is intended for the man who knows his Dickens backwards; for deep students who can reel off the plot of *No Thoroughfare* and indicate the scheme of the Mudfog papers.

The case is thus. The good lover of Dickens now and then leaves his home and his books; perhaps for week-ends, as Miss Warner suggests, perhaps for waste places. He cannot take with him the whole seventeen volumes. He cannot exist without Dickens. The position is desperate; but *The Week End Dickens* solves the problem. It goes into a small pocket; and all the essences of Dickens are contained in it.

But that is by the way. Our affair is with that sentence in the *Introduction* concerning those tales that Dickens never wrote. I believe that the point is well taken. Miss Warner particularizes. Dickens had floating in his consciousness—"mind" were too precise—a dim notion of a novel about the Marshes. This became *Great Expectations*. And then, again, there was the great London novel: "dark with fog, daubed with the rich colours of cheerful taverns, or red blinds screening warm parlours; a London of tangled alleys, lost grave-yards, solemn deserted wharves at night, with the mysterious river running through it". That novel, we may say, is dispersed through all the volumes. A great deal of it is contained in *Pickwick*. Look in *The Old Curiosity Shop* for the passages describing the end of Quilp: that is a tremendous chapter of the London novel. The plot of *Little Dorrit* is most tortuous, most futile; and Clennam is almost as uninteresting as the people we meet every day. But the Marshalsea chapters: there is a splendid fragment of the great work that was not to be; and the bit about Dockhead in *Oliver Twist*—the scene of Bill Sikes's taking off—there is a purple passage from the lost opus. But one has to read all about little Oliver, not a very entertaining child, to get at it. And, worse still, there is Rose Maylie and her excellent clergyman: they are not to be avoided on the road that leads to Dockhead. And so I am always inclined to declare that *Pickwick* remains the best of all Dickens's books. There are better things in *David Copperfield* than anything in *Pickwick*. Mr. Pecksniff and Mrs. Gamp in *Martin Chuzzlewit* are supreme; so is Quilp in *The Old Curiosity Shop*. But think of that shocking bounder Steerforth, of the appalling Agnes;

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of young Martin and Mary; of Little Nell and her grandfather. There are no such terrors to avoid in *Pickwick*. Once past the shocking first chapter, you are safe.

It is a curious thing, but it is true, that some of the greatest writers have had the severest struggles in finding the just medium in which to express that which is within them. Sir Walter Scott is a notable example of this paradox; and he succeeded, as perhaps Dickens succeeded, in spite of himself. I have no doubt Sir Walter intended with all his heart to write a Legend of Montrose, and did his very best to write a Legend of Montrose. What he did was to write a *Legend of Dugald Dalgetty*; and we are thankful for his splendid error. Sometimes, the two elements meet. A very striking instance of this is given by Leslie Stephen. Bailie Nicol Jarvie, of Glasgow, has been taken prisoner by Rob Roy's wife, and proceeds to plead kinship.

"'I dinna ken', said the undaunted Bailie, 'if the kindred has ever been weel redd out to you yet, cousin—but it's kenned, and can be proved. My mother, Elspeth Macfarlane (otherwise Macgregor), was the wife of my father, Denison Nicol Jarvie (peace be with them baith), and Elspeth was the daughter of Farlane Macfarlane (or Macgregor), as his surviving daughter, Maggie Macfarlane, wha married Duncan Macnab, of Stuckavrallachan, can testify, stood as near to your gudeman, Robin Macgregor, as in the fourth degree of kindred, fur . . .'

"The virago lopped the genealogical tree by demanding haughtily if a stream of rushing water acknowledged any relation with the portion withdrawn from it for the mean domestic uses of those who dwelt on its banks."

But it will be noted, Scott does not really tell us what Helen Macgregor said. He paraphrases her remarks, gives us a polite *précis* of her speech. I am inclined to think that he knew quite well the actual words that the lady uttered; and that he found them a great deal too coarse for anything but a vague and stilted indication of their content. Still; it is often true that Scott falls into false heroics, into melodramatic bombast. The reason may be not that he was incapable of the true heroic, but rather that the weight of his time and world made the expression of it impossible. There was an heroic Scott. This man was a fervent Jacobite, a devout Catholic, and a firm believer in occult mysteries. And what would have happened to him, if he had spoken out and uttered himself in the Edinburgh of 1820-30, when Jeffrey edited the *Edinburgh Review*? It must be noted that Scott was no hypocrite; rather his intellect conformed to the general thought of his age. As a rational being he submitted himself to the judgements of his contemporaries. They said that the rule of the Stuarts was bad and tyrannical, and had been well ended. It must be so, said Scott, everybody says it is so. But at the same time, he was a good deal relieved by the death of the Cardinal of York, the legitimate Henry IX of Great Britain and Ireland. Henceforth Scott felt that he could give without any reserves or secret hesitations his loyal allegiance to King George III. So with the occult arts: they were absurd superstitions, relics of the dark ages; to have a belief in such things was to put oneself out of the court of intelligent and educated men. And, indeed, Guy Mannering cannot laugh too much at the astrology which he has picked up at Oxford, the last home and retreat of outworn faiths. But it will be noted that every one of his predictions is fulfilled to the letter. And Scott was accustomed to speak in terms of extreme severity of the Roman Catholic

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religion: and died murmuring the old Latin hymns. He was, in fact, a man divided against himself so far as these matters were concerned: it is no wonder that he was incapable of clear utterance when heroic speech was needed. His heart was fixed on the one side; his reason conformed to the common judgement of his day. And so, the books that he might have written are lost for ever.

ARTHUR MACHEN

AH, MEMORIES!

THE long autumn of 1896 (ah, that mad year!) saw me break my journey at Cannes long enough to spend a fortnight with Moxon at his villa. Wilde and Carlyle were there, together with a score of literary notables from two continents. My own book, *Yellow Irises,* had just been brought out by Lane; and it was with no little surprise that I suddenly found myself numbered among the *literati* of the time. But 1896 was like that.

Seated on the travertine terrace, over the liqueurs and that coffee for which Moxon's man was so universally famous (I wonder what has become of him), I had my first chat with Wilde. He took his coffee without sugar, I remember; a fact which seemed to irritate Carlyle. We were discussing Ruskin. Carlyle was moody. Slowly Wilde, leaving untouched the pistachios with which the rest of us had been toying, turned to Meredith, and as if to sum up our conversation, remarked with that rare smile, "But, my dear friends, it's a long Ruskin that has no Turner".

Carlyle was unmoved. I shall never forget him in that kitchen at Craigenputtock where I had my first chat with Hardy. We had just finished the haggis—a dish of which Jane Welsh (poor Jane!) was so justly proud. It was in the wet spring of 1896. (Ah, that mad, mad year!) For two weeks it had rained ceaselessly. In London *Esther Waters* was still a sensation; the smarter young writers congregated nightly at Gatti's (I shall never forget those whetters and iced champagne); Kitchener (his crossed eyes disturb me even as I write) had begun the march on Dongola which was to end at Omdurman and Khartoum. . . . Yet how remote and far seemed the Strand as we finished our haggis at Craigenputtock.

Jane Welsh had entered the room with a crock of hot porridge. She exclaimed that she had burned her hand. "Jane," said Thomas, calm gravity masking the hidden fire that had already awed older men than I (I was a scant one-and-twenty, and Methuen had just brought out my first book, *Passage to Empire*); "Jane," said Thomas, "why don't ye set the crock doun?" That, in a word, was Carlyle.

The year dragged on. Came August, and all the people who mattered were in Scotland for the shooting. I recall my chagrin at being forced to keep to my rooms (a Mrs. Downsbury was the landlady) just off Ossington Street where it so absurdly pops into Bayswater Road. But my first book, *Brief Betrayal,* had just been brought out by Mathews, and it was with no little surprise that I found myself properly launched into the world of letters, as we then called it.

I had not heard from Rossetti since the cold weather of 1896 (ah, mad!), when, in that amazing hand of his, he had written me so characteristically:—

DEAR CHARLES:

Lunched yesterday with X. . . . What an amusing fellow he is! The creamed artichokes were masterpieces. X . . . tells me that B . . . will not return until spring. Does not this interest you?

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Lady C . . . has said kind things about your new book. Meanwhile, do write.

Cordially,
D. G. R.

P.S. Has D . . . really approached Longmans? Poor D . . . ; I wish there were something we could do.

How brief, how heartening the note. Yet how much light it throws upon a vanished day. Rossetti could do that.

Nevertheless, it was during this very year of 1896 (ah!) that I was to meet Arnold. We had just finished our plovers' eggs (they were delicious, I recollect), and were discussing *Thyrsis*. Arnold turned that grave, yet sweetly smiling countenance full upon us. "I," he said, "can't give you anything but Clough."

He was like that. . . .

JOHN S. NAYLOR

STEPHEN CRANE: WAR CORRESPONDENT

Two years after *The Red Badge of Courage* had entered upon its astonishing success, the United States declared war against Spain in the interest of *Cuba Libre*. Cuba had long been in revolt, and horrifying tales of the severities of General Weyler's detention camps had roused this country. William Randolph Hearst had just invaded New York, and was rattling the dry bones of journalism. He dug up a following for himself by advertising the *Journal* as "a paper for those who think", but though this flattery was successful, the revenue was not large enough. A popular cause was needed if circulation was to reach the proper heights, and the advocating of American intervention in Cuba was perfect for the purpose. The *World* was inevitably drawn into the game; as the paper's newly fledged business manager, I had to bear the brunt of the enterprise. But I confess, too, that I was still young enough to remember my boyish indignation at the massacre of Captain J. B. Fry and of the crew of the *Virginius* in the earlier Cuban war.

So between the *World* and the *Journal* we barked President McKinley into a war that was none of our business. The blowing up of the *Maine* in the harbour at Havana made matters easy. So war was declared, in the middle of summer; climatic conditions and Yellow Jack were disregarded with customary American heedlessness, and our soldiers were sent off equipped with hyperborean flannel shirts and pickled beef to wage a war in the tropics.

A generation had passed since we had fought a war. The newspapers were green at the task of war-reporting and the government turned its back upon them, in the usual military manner. With innocent hardihood the papers of New York engaged flotillas of light craft to ferry copy to the cable offices in Jamaica, and loaded them with correspondents. Some old Civil War men could easily have been found, but none was engaged. The *World* had used a volunteer, the reckless and enterprising Sylvester Scovel, to report the doings of the insurgents, whom he had ardently defended. He hired himself. Then the best minds "up-stairs" thought of Stephen Crane. If a man who had never seen a battle could do such a superb piece of battle-description as *The Red Badge of Courage,* what might not be expected of him when he saw a real scrap! So he was engaged, given a three thousand dollar fee, and shipped to the scene of trouble.

When the Federal Fleet sailed from Key West for Santiago de Cuba, which the strategists thought a softer spot than Havana,

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the newspaper flotilla tagged after it. Every possible sort of tub was represented, but I had picked the stout *Triton,* owned by Charles W. Morse, which until we turned her into a newspaper ship had been engaged in towing ice from the Kennebec under command of a captain appropriately named Blizzard. She came through the war with nothing worse than a broken shutter.

The first word we got from Stephen Crane was on July 1. He had taken a leisurely stroll with a scouting party of Marines, which resulted in the death of two recruits and of Dr. Gibbs, the Army surgeon. The dispatch was a dull one, undoubtedly true to facts. Stephen was evidently dead tired when he wrote it. The story ended:—

As we neared the camp we saw somebody in the darkness—a watchful figure, eager and anxious, perhaps uncertain of the serpent-like thing swishing softly through the bushes.

"Hello", said a Marine. "Who are you?"

A low voice came in reply: "Sergeant of the Guard."

Sergeant of the Guard! Saintly man! Protector of the weary! Coffee! Hardtack! Beans! Rest! Sleep! Peace!

This was printed on the day Major-General William R. Shafter moved against the Spanish commander, Toral. The *World's* account was mostly Associated Press with sundry illicit gleanings from other sources. F. H. Nichols, a lazy but able reporter who was to shed much light on China in *Hidden Shensi* and to die there on a return trip with Thibet in view, had been in Mole St. Nicholas where the cable from Jamaica touched, and by arrangement with the cable operator he helped himself to the best news that came along. There was no trace of Crane in it.

El Caney had been stormed and victory, with a considerable casualty list, perched on Shafter's banners. Then on the Fourth of July Admiral Cervera's Spanish fleet stole out of Santiago Harbour, past the collier *Merrimac* (sunk in the wrong spot by Lieut. Richmond Pearson Hobson), and was duly smashed by Commodore Winfield Scott Schley with Admiral Sampson's fleet—to the great annoyance of the Admiral, who was absent inspecting something. This filled all news space, and we forgot about the Army. The Army was not heard from for nearly a fortnight, and then in came a dispatch from Crane—not signed, for obvious reasons. We planted it in the middle of the front page on July 16th.

The report several days ago in regard to the officers of the Seventy-first New York Regiment has been partially investigated by the *World* correspondent.

I am authorized by Lieutenant Jackson and Major Reade to make the following statement:—

When reinforcements were necessary to support the charge up San Juan heights, Reade encountered the Seventy-first Regiment among the bushes to the left of San Juan Roads. He called: 'If there is a man among you wearing shoulder-straps who is not a coward, come out and show yourself!' On being further urged by Captain Ayres, in command of cavalry, Captain Malcolm Rafferty stepped forward saying: 'I'll obey any order coming from General Kent!' He led four companies up the hill, but after its capture by others.

Reade also highly complimented Major Frank Keck, commanding the Third Battalion of the Seventy-first, for promptness in obeying the order to advance on the left road below Balloon Forks. This battalion was also urged by Reade, assisted by Lieutenant Teyman, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, and McArthur, of the Second. Eight companies finally arrived at the top of the hill.

After the action, while regiments were formed along the road at right, Reade passed, seeking the commanding officer.

"Where is the Colonel?"

"Don't know."

"Where's the Lieutenant-Colonel?"

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"Don't know."

"Where's the Major commanding the First Battalion?"

Major Keck responded, saying he didn't know he was in command of the regiment, owing to the ranking officers not responding.

The men of the Seventy-first are considered excellent raw material. Many cases of individual courage are cited.

During this action out of a total of sixty-two missing, forty-three were from the Seventy-first.

Reade especially commended Private Edwards, of Company I, for voluntary, efficacious, and unremitting care of the wounded and sick under fire.

The following facts are scrupulously gathered: Colonel Downs's orders on reaching the road near the hill were to take the regiment as far as possible. This was passed along the line from the Second Cavalry. Downs sent the answer along that line: "I have taken my regiment as far as I can go."

The Seventy-first at the time had the Second, Ninth, Tenth, and Twenty-fourth regiments directly behind. The Regulars cursed the men of the Seventy-first and called them cowards. They shouted:—

"Let us go ahead then!"

All this while the Spaniards were pouring in a fire of shell and Mausers.

The Seventy-first opened its ranks and the regiments above named passed through in double-swing, jeering the Seventy-first, whose men showed good discipline but were without orders. They were stung by the jeers and boiling to go ahead. The Major of the Second Infantry, name unattainable at present, shouted in passing: "For God's sake boys, don't let it go back to New York that the Seventy-first didn't do its duty! They need you, need you badly. If officers won't take you, either go as companies or yourselves!"

It required no great discernment to read charges of considerable cowardice between the lines against an important local regiment. Hearst lost no time in making the discovery and in vigorously denouncing the *World* for "slandering" heroes. This he blew into a storm that mightily disturbed Joseph Pulitzer, who was summering at Narragansett Pier. I was summoned to the Pier and consulted about the best course to follow. I advised standing by our guns. Mr. Pulitzer seemed to agree, but on the next Sunday called Nelson Hersh, City Editor, to Narragansett Pier, and sent him back with a plan for raising a monument to the fallen men of the aspersed regiment. The *World* subscribed $1,000 in an announcement made Monday morning, July 25. The only result was a redoubling of the Hearst fire. The public response was languid —about $900—and this stopped when an official report proved Crane's story true—in fact too lenient.

When the fund, such as it was, came to be tendered the regiment, it was hotly refused. It lay in the bank for years, until Major Lewis L. Clarke asked that it be given to improve the regimental lot in Kensico Cemetery.

No more was heard from Crane until he made his way back to New York and turned in a column describing the killing of a Marine from ambush, as he wig-wagged a message to the ships on the redoubt at Guantanamo. Crane brought out the fact that he had a sister who was a chambermaid in Omaha. The story got into a spare spot on the editorial page and was very striking. Delighted, I went to William H. Merrill, Chief Editor, and complimented him on getting in so good a thing. He did not know it was there! It was agreed that he would give space to more. On my way downstairs I met John Norris, the Financial Manager, coming out of his office, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"I have just kissed your little friend Stephen Crane good-bye," he said with a full-face grin. "He came here asking for another advance. 'Don't you think you have had enough of Mr. Pulitzer's money without earning it?' I asked. 'Oh, very well,' he said,

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'if that is the way you look at it, by-by.' So we're rid of him."

This was the last of Stephen Crane as our War Correspondent.

DON C. SEITZ

MEN WITHOUT SALES

The Trailers of Mr. Hemingway

I HAD bought the papers and was reading the book ads when Joe came over to the table and sat down. He sat down opposite me. Joe was a fine boy.

"Hello, Frank," he said.

"How were the fights in Madrid?" I asked.

"All right," he said.

We finished our wine and went out. It was hot and there was no wind. Perhaps I was smoking too much.

"I knew a man who was smoking too much," Joe said.

"You're a fine boy but you smoke too much," I said.

We were walking through center-field looking for a place to sit. Joe threw a stick at a bird that had perched on Hack Wilson. We sat down in the shade and opened the bottles of beer.

"It's fine beer," Joe said.

"Sure. Beer's good," I said.

"I don't know about him. I like Fitzgerald. He's got the touch," he said.

"Faulkner's up in the fast money, too," I said.

"They all get soft, though," he said.

"Yes, they get soft," I said.

"Don't you get soft," he said.

"Not while I'm leaning on Ernest," I said.

"Hemingway's a fine boy," he said.

"I watch his workouts every day. He's got something," I said.

"But he'll never be champ," he said.

"He looks like a champ and he's never been known to waltz or go into the tank for a book-club," I said.

"It's something else," he said.

"It's always something else," I said.

"It's his seconds. He's a fine boy but his seconds are killing him," he said.

"Yes, too many Hemingway seconds. They kill the sport," I said.

"They get under foot," he said.

"They get in the publishers' hair," I said.

"They're killing the publishers," he said.

"They end up in drugstores," I said.

"Sure. Three for a dollar in drugstores," he said.

"But they can't hurt the drugstores," I said.

We were walking into the town. Joe threw his book at a publisher who had perched on a drugstore. Joe was a fine boy.

"Perhaps I'd better go watch Faulkner work out today," I said.

"That's right," he said.

"I said," I said.

TERENCE FORD

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WHAT THE FRENCH ARE READING

by Frank C. Hanighen

IN FRANCE, as everyone knows, it takes very little to start a literary "school". Those who have followed these French movements are familiar with the ephemeral and at times ridiculous nature of their course. *Dadaism* with its futurist fanfare, its butchery of the canons of design, technique, and syntax, released, after a brief winter of success, the exotic if not beautiful butterfly *Superrealism* which has now dropped its spots for the undiluted red of Communist propaganda. Last year there appeared *Populism*, a late descendant of the naturalism of the last century—a soberer but, so it seems, rather ailing offspring of the school of Zola.

Not more than a year ago André Démaison, author of *Beasts Called Wild* (Farrar & Rinehart), announced a new school, the school of *Action*, with the prerequisite that all its disciples must have "lived" before they could write—a sentiment that sounds suspiciously like the advertisements which literary racketeers in this country use to lure superannuated cowboys and idle divorcées to the easy rewards of authorship. M. Démaison thunders, "the public is tired of superficial sentiments. It wants images of life which stimulate". But the French public, at least in the past year, seems to be wary of stimulants of all kinds. If one can judge by the successful novels of the recent past, it desires a return to conservative practices in fiction, sound writing, analytical but not superanalytical psychology, a balanced picture of social organisms, and something that bears a close resemblance to a plot—clear situation, shock of forces, crisis, catharsis, and *dénouement*. In short, conservatism is coming back after the audacities of inflation.

Nothing illustrates this better than a novel which may well be termed the outstanding work of its season—Jean Schlumberger's *Saint Saturnin* (Dodd, Mead), which appeared in this country under the aegis of the Book of the Month Club. What could be more conservative than this study of an old man, after an epoch of adolescent heroes? Schlumberger's protagonist is a bourgeois Lear, the head of a family whose *mores*, standards, and property he seeks to escape. His last struggles for freedom nearly result in destroying the house which he and his ancestors have so laboriously built up. One finds in the book no debunking study of the family as such, although its stifling environment is well pictured; no insistent sociological implications; no adventure in senile psychology with Freudian trimmings. It is a straightforward story drenched in a tragic atmosphere, peopled with characters more than merely outlined and less than exhaustively described, the narrative proceeding with its own natural momentum and the plot carried to a just and clear termination.

Jacques Chardonne, who like M. Schlumberger has pursued his own path uninfluenced by the pronouncements of *chefs d'école*, received great critical applause for his *Claire*, a novel which reflects the same conservative trend as *Saint Saturnin*. American

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admirers of Chardonne's *Eva* (Simon & Schuster) will recognize the same lambent light immersing the characters, the same tranquil style and the same—or perhaps an augmented—talent for quiet epigram. *Claire* is a slight story concerning a woman who lives selfishly and timorously in seclusion as a result of her illegitimate birth, and then achieves happiness by giving herself to a man who learns to love her so much that he marries her. It ends with a note of sadness when she dies during pregnancy. So subtle and smooth is Chardonne's style that the most dramatic events are muted; there is no excess of verbiage, no rising note of passion in his work, yet by sheer charm of phrasing it avoids monotony. M. Chardonne is the apostle of serenity.

In *Le Noeud de vipères* (*Vipers' Knot*), François Mauriac has also taken the family as his subject, or more exactly, has returned to the subject of the family. American readers who remember his *Thérèse* several years ago will find his style more mature, more supple and eloquent than formerly. While Schlumberger's *Saint Saturnin* is beautifully balanced, Mauriac's intense novel has the advantage of being built around one central character who dwarfs the surrounding figures as William Colombe in *Saint Saturnin* does not. If Schlumberger's William is a Lear, Mauriac's Louis is rather a Laocoön, a parent struggling with the coiling vipers of his family environment and his own heart. The story of how the old man seeks to cheat his heirs of the family fortune, not through desire for freedom of action as in the case of Colombe, but through a truly Homeric hate, is much more dramatic and more profoundly moving than *Saint Saturnin*. Good and Evil battle terribly throughout the book; and if M. Mauriac, the greatest Catholic novelist of France, gives it a slightly homiletic *dénouement*, one can forgive him in gratitude for the artistic integrity of the greater part of the book.

What M. André Maurois lacks in profundity and intensity of purpose he makes up in facility, in variety, and in amplitude of canvas. With *The Family Circle* (Appleton) M. Maurois is as usual in the current movement when he chooses the same theme as Schlumberger and Mauriac. But no shaggy septuagenarian encumbers his happy grace. His heroine is a young girl upon whom descends the family tradition of adultery; Denise Herpain follows in the footsteps of her sinning mother, whom she hates, and violates the seventh commandment through hereditary influences. It seems a daring subject, yet not without some precedent, for in that psychological bible *Remembrance of Things Past* we find the text "Perhaps in our family we are like butterflies of the same markings, having the same ideas by which we live as the maladies of which we die". It is a cleverly rather than soundly worked-out thesis, but it is embellished by all of M. Maurois's charm and wit, his immersion in the contemporary scene, and his ability to sketch subsidiary personages. In one of the characters one can recognize Briand; in another a certain type of successful business man of the inflation period; in the Abbé Cenival the famous Abbé Mugnier who converted Huysmans, Cocteau, and others; and in M. Bertrand possibly M. Maurois himself, especially when he utters such epigrams as "What I mean is that we are God's robots", or "France too has her unemployed, only she calls them her *rentiers*".

II

If the past year has seen what may be the "twilight of the schools", it may also have beheld the eclipse of French literary prizes.

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These prizes are about as numerous as the *cénacles*—there are at least a score of them—yet not one of the committees saw fit to crown either M. Chardonne's or M. Schlumberger's work. The most important of all, the Goncourt, conferred its favour on Jean Fayard's *Mal d'amour*—in this country *Desire* (Century)—an amiable trifle in the sensuous tradition of Marcel Prévost.

For over a decade now the Goncourt Academy has honoured no more than mediocre novelists; not since Proust's *Swann's Way* has it brought to light a first-rate work. It has been falling steadily in critical esteem, and its prestige just about touched its nadir with *Mal d'amour*. Publishers have customarily been humble suppliants at the Goncourt Academy door, with an eye for the immense sales which fall to the winner; but recently Bernard Grasset, one of the most famous of Parisian publishers, did not hesitate to launch a bitter attack upon it. He accused the Academicians first of all of being exploiters of young and unknown authors, Maecenases bent on lifting mediocre books to popularity; of making the Goncourt an eleemosynary prize reserved solely for indigent writers—a complaint in which malicious observers could discern M. Grasset's chagrin because on such a basis his well-established author Chardonne was not eligible for the lucrative laurels. But the irate impresario's second accusation, that the Goncourt Prize owes its continued existence only to the massed publicity which the daily and periodical press give to it, is more serious and more wounding. For Paris has its share of ballyhoo, and there is much truth in Grasset's boast that if some twenty editors would ignore the famous Wednesday in December dedicated to the great "surprise" party, it would cease to exist.

But in the undignified and unliterary scramble which precedes the bestowal of these prizes, occasionally some justice is done, even though at the expense of other more meritorious works. Thus Saint-Exupéry's *Night Flight* (Century), apparently owed its rapid ascent to an almost comical race between the Goncourt Academy and the Femina Prize Committee, which announces its selection at about the same time in December. As the story goes, the ladies who compose the Femina Committee (including the famous Madame Colette) had so nearly settled on Chardonne's *Claire* that the Grasset presses were held in readiness to turn out the thousands of copies which the eager public would demand. Hearing that the Goncourts were contemplating Saint-Exupéry's novel, the Femina group thought that they would craftily anticipate the Goncourt by giving it their prize. Thus fortuitously was *Night Flight*, which had previously received no especial consideration, brought to the notice of the critical choir, while the Goncourt gentlemen, thrown into confusion by their alert feminine competitors, made their hasty and undistinguished choice—*Mal d'amour*.

In this brief novel Saint-Exupéry celebrates the Spartan discipline of one Rivière, director of a South American airport, and his ruthless mastery of the pilots and airplane workers under him. It has an intensity, a sharp, cutting philosophy which provides a welcome relief from the amorous themes which have more often occupied French novelists. "The dark sense of duty, greater than that of love", is what Rivière apostrophizes. "To love, only to love leads nowhere," he says, and he protests that in his harsh discipline he is not attacking men but "that stable inertia which paralyzes men who face the unknown". Is it possible that a new talent has restored an authentic, virile spirit of adventure to the hypercivilized modern novel? And is this

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not another symptom of the conservative drift in French literature? Whatever else Saint-Exupéry has done, he has undoubtedly concentrated public attention on a new division of literature, "the literature of the air". Paul Bléry has been producing, in *Sans Escale* and *1800 Tours*, popular "air" novels of our own pulp-wood magazine variety. So far Saint-Exupéry is alone in writing "air" fiction of literary value.

Travel-by-air books have been more frequent, and both Paul Morand and the Tharauds have published volumes which are more than mere novelties. Says Morand: "All aerial accounts hitherto have been concerned with high adventure, nocturnal perils. I want to describe the daily, the normal aerial life, to present the point of view of the traveller who signals a weekly aerobus to stop, who gets in in the morning, sits, has lunch, reads and yawns before getting out in the evening to sleep." It is interesting, in his *Air Indien*, to see the reactions of this former *flâneur* among continents as he soars over the Andes, looks down on Inca temples and tropical jungles, and gazes at the isthmus which Balboa discovered. As usual he displays his flair for the bizarre, the erotic detail, but he builds up this time a truly engaging synthesis of South America as he hastily scans the clash of modern, Indian, and Hispanic civilizations in the southern continent.

While Morand discerns basic similarities in the various Latin-American countries, Jean and Jérôme Tharaud in *Paris-Saïgon* seek to differentiate the various Oriental lands over which they fly on their way to French Indo-China. They are quite as erudite, just as much steeped in curious lore as Morand; and their style, while less brilliantly epigrammatic, evidences a more delicate fancy, a more spontaneous humour. Its melodious overtones recall the fact that these writers served their apprenticeship as secretaries to that great stylist Maurice Barrès. Their fictional work has recently come to a happy fruition with the novel *Les Bien Aimées.*

Indeed the Tharaud brothers offer an interesting study as the only writers of genuine talent in France who work in collaboration. None of their books has been produced singly. They say "I" in their writings just as Théophile Gautier said "we". They carry the unity of their partnership into their letters, signing them simply "J. Tharaud", which procures for their correspondents the amusing sport of guessing the identity of the author. Their conversation is a zigzag performance in which Jérôme finishes Jean's sentence or a remark by one completes the thought of the other. From such curious dialogue they confess that their books spring. Style for them is but a matter of "scissors, pins, and glue"; a constant oral sifting and reciprocal reading of what they have written produces the final draft. They assert that this is by far the happiest way to write. Writers everywhere complain of the "redoubtable solitude" of their craft, seated in mournful loneliness before a pad of paper. These collaborators find that their practice removes the "sadness of work".

III

The Goncourt Academy, which had displayed such lack of taste the year before in its selection of Fayard's *Mal d'amour*, recently regained some prestige by its bestowal of the 1932 laurels on Guy Mazeline's *Les Loups* (*The Wolves*). The award seems like a belated act of justice toward the "family" novels of the previous year, for M. Mazeline's "wolves" are the members of a provincial bourgeois family who slowly devour the fortune and stability of their house. Maximilian Jobourg is no tyrannical brother of Schlumberger's and Mauriac's characters; he is a

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dreamy, unpractical parent who struggles feebly amid the conflicting purposes of his mother, his wife, and his sons. Mazeline fails to inform his work with the charity and compassion of Schlumberger and Mauriac, and errs technically by spinning out his tale to the uncomfortable length of a good six hundred pages, yet he does achieve some startling impressionistic effects and a number of dramatic scenes. His family atmosphere is more stifling, more sultry than that of his predecessors and one is inclined to compare him to Julien Green; his work reminds one of the hallucinatory aura, the pitiless psychology of *The Closed Garden* and *The Long Journey*. *Les Loups* is a novel of power and great promise.

While the ladies of the Femina committee did not discover, this December, a better book than their famous "find"of 1931, *Night Flight*, nevertheless they again demonstrated their originality by giving their prize to Ramon Fernandez for his first novel *Le Pari* (*The Bet*). Fernandez is a Mexican who teaches in a French lycée and his *Messages* (Harcourt, Brace), a book of literary criticism, has given him renown on two continents. "Hard-boiled" fiction is new in France and, as a result of this novel, Fernandez will undoubtedly be known as the French Hemingway. The hero, an amateur race-track driver, and the young folk of his entourage are hard, brutal, fond of racing automobiles, motorcycles, jazz dancing, and getting drunk. While Fernandez does not attempt to reproduce the conversational Hemingway style, he does introduce into his narrative many words and phrases of a colloquial nature, for which he has been severely criticized. *Le Pari* is a brilliant attempt to depict the ultra-modern younger generation of France, and if it falls somewhat short of success, the reason is that the author is too obviously intent on studying the changing manners and morals of the past decade and too little disposed to tell a story.

IV

A year ago the Populist school reached its zenith. Conceived in the general tradition of naturalism as a protest against the boudoir and diaphanous work of the psychological novelists of the last decade, it proposed to give a better picture of the people than its naturalistic forbears did, a more sympathetic account untinged by the scientific ideology and the preoccupation with sexual matters that characterized Zola and Huysmans. The Populist Prize for 1931 brought attention to one commendable novel, Eugène Dabit's *Hôtel du Nord* (Knopf); but in his subsequent work Dabit has displayed a loss of inspiration, and in general the critical ballyhoo raised about the new movement has largely subsided.

With no great fanfare, then, did Jean Pallu's novel *Port Escale* receive the Populist laurel for 1932. We learn that M. Pallu, a mechanic in the employ of the great tire firm of Michelin, won through his literary ability a company scholarship which enabled him to travel and study. He is a proletarian raised to bourgeois ranks, and this fact, together with the nature of his novel, raises the question of the possibility of a proletarian literature in France. His characters are petty clerks and mechanics only slightly lower in the social scale than their employers, and their ideals and diversions are tawdry imitations of bourgeois culture. Jazz dance halls boasting two orchestras, cinemas of Clara Bow, radios, travel and dreams of riches in America—this is the life which Pallu depicts in *Port Escale*. It is a neat, well-balanced work in the best traditions of the French novel, but uninspired.

"The modern writer does not comprehend

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the masses because he does not know misery. . . . The sadness of the poor, there is the real tragedy and it is not in the novel today." This is André Maurois's complaint, spoken by one of the characters in *The Family Circle*. It might well apply to Pallu and other Populist writers' work. Is it because, like Pallu, they have risen to the middle class, or because the lower classes themselves are impregnated with bourgeois culture and ideals, that their work does not strike the great human chord of misery? Perhaps the fact that there are, strictly speaking, no proletarian classes in modern democracies like France and America has caused the failure of this approach to society.

V

Because there is another vision, more truly democratic and manifesting greater dramatic resources, many literary observers have been led to complain that the sociological-minded jurymen overlooked a writer who more than any other has deserved the crown as interpreter of the people, especially since he has just issued the first volumes of a series which he proclaims will be his masterpiece: *Les Hommes de bonne volonté*. Over twenty years ago Jules Romains wrote his famous *Death of a Nobody* which announced a new school, christened "Unanimist". The hero dies on the first page, and the book deals with the manifold effects that his death has on his family, on his neighbours, on his fellow workers, on the street where he lives —in other words, the collective aspects of his death; and it is the collective life which is the real hero. The *décor* and the characters were all plebeian; and in succeeding novels he made further explorations in the life of such people from this collectivist or "Unanimist" approach. If other important novels of the past year have all been based on a conservative technique and a reversion to orthodox attitudes of morality, Romains's new project might seem to be a counterblast. In reality it is not, for in *Les Hommes de bonne volonté* Romains has modified and matured his Unanimism rather than pushed it to an extreme. He includes in this new panorama all classes from workers to wealthy deputies. And what he has to say about his moral intent is far from locating him at the opposite pole from M. Chardonne or M. Mauriac.

Romains' technique may not seem like a startling innovation to the readers of Aldous Huxley or John Dos Passos. There is the same concurrent following of the actions of a large number of characters that marked *Point Counterpoint*, the same projection of a kaleidoscopic narrative against the background of the economic and political movements of the time as in *1919*. But it is actually not derivative. Dos Passos has read Romains instead of *vice versa*, and when the author of *Les Hommes de bonne volonté* in a brilliant introduction which explains the plan of his work, alludes to the influence of his Unanimism in America, one divines that he means its evidences in the novels of Dos Passos and Waldo Frank.

It is in this introduction, which may indeed mark an historic chapter in the history of the modern novel, that one sees emerge the author's impressive conception: "to express the moral philosophy of an epoch"—in a saga that seeks to surpass the Forsyte in extent and intention, cut deeper than Balzac's vast record of nineteenth-century society, and encompass a wider scope than *Jean Christophe*. For it will deal not with an individual as a center for his environment as in Rolland's masterpiece, nor even a family group as in Galsworthy's, but with society itself as exemplified in the lives of the protagonists: "A vast fiction which will express in its move-

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ment and its multiplicity of detail that vision of the modern world of which *La Vie unanime* once sang the initial emotion." A collectivist novel then, in which the individual—courted so long and *ad absurdum* in past decades—will take his proper place. M. Romains adds that it may run to twenty volumes.

In the first volume of the long series, *October 6th, 1908,* all the action of which takes place within the twenty-four hours of that date, the reader's attention is transferred deftly from the sensual line of Germaine Baader's bosom to her paramour, the deputy Gurau, and from him to the Macchiavellian politics which are part of the approaching Armageddon of Europe. Perhaps the little apprentice idling at the race-course or along the boulevards and his liaison with a lecherous kept woman will prove to be one of the lives that get "nowhere", as perhaps also will the interludes of the sentimental little *bourgeoise* and her bureaucrat husband. No matter, they fill in the various strata of the *vie unanime.*

In a different key are the Platonic conversations of the pupils in the *École Normale* and the strange cogitations of Quinette the book-binder, archetype of the repressed intellectual seeking action at all costs, a Gidian character. But Quinette lives for us as none of the puppets in the famous *The Counterfeiters* do, and his ideas as well as those of the *École Normale* students come naturally from their mouths; they are not—outworn device—the interpolations of M. Romains himself. Moreover they provide a necessary diapason to the less profound themes. I cannot think of another novel which on the scheme in which it is launched has so many of the symphonic possibilities of a great work of music. The great "swell" of history that Romains speaks of will undoubtedly immerse all these minor characters; for the names of Jaurès, Clemenceau, Poincaré appear ominously, and the author in an interview said that some of the great historic personages of the time will appear in later volumes—but, he adds, "episodically, for history enlaces, surrounds this kind of story". And the War? According to M. Romains it was in that year 1908 that the War really began. "In 1908 our civilization found itself pathetically obliged to choose between war and revolution." After a perusal of the first volume of this tremendous cycle it looks as if *The Men of Good Will* will far surpass that other picture of the times, *The Magic Mountain.*

Those who seek a bitter *Heartbreak House* —a hopeless jumble *à la* Aldous Huxley—in Romains' new work will be disappointed. "I have not the dilettantism of chaos", he declares. While he does contemplate a confusing pullulation of individual passions, efforts, hates, disorderly zig-zag actions, he also intends to show us "pure hearts" which will respond to the designs of the Spirit. Romains believes that "good wills" are more frequent than people suspect and he voices a moving prayer that the "Men of Good Will" somehow will find a way of standing together so that "this world of which they are the merit and the salt, may not perish". Is it too much to hope that this great artistic undertaking will rival not only *Jean Christophe* but also the *Comédie humaine* in workmanship and inspiration?

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Eternal Feminine

It has long been a commonplace item of folk-wisdom that a group of women, if they are sure they are not being overheard by any man, will give voice to the most startling and subversive heresies on every subject under the sun. The meekest little dove, over a cup of tea, has been known to question masculine omniscience; the saintliest of women, under the right conditions, will confess to you that her best friend cannot be absolved of whittling a few years off her age; while the women are legion who feel that the dull names bestowed on them by their sponsors in baptism misrepresent them so gravely that it is the part of justice to lop off a syllable or insert a vowel.

But folk-wisdom or not, such matters are rarely taken into account when novels are to be written. Generation after generation of novelists has arisen and died off whose heroines showed no such tendencies. When these universal traits crept into character-drawing at all they were used as the unmistakable marks of the villainess and adventuress: Becky Sharp might be like that, but never Amelia Sedley. There was, of course, Moll Flanders, but she was no better than she should be. We will not allow an exception in Maggie of *What Every Woman Knows*. Sir James's courage deserted him in midstream, and his heroine became too devastatingly angelic to be any human portent.

But within the last few years, in a quiet and back-door fashion, flesh and blood women have begun to creep into literature. Is there any significance in the fact that the Provincial Lady's Diary first saw the light in that stronghold of femininity, *Time and Tide?* At any rate, *The Diary of a Provincial Lady,* that record of Everywoman of young middle-age, with two children, a strong and silent husband, "Mademoiselle" and Cook, *and* a little talent for writing, had only to be published to be "discovered". Word got around by the feminine grapevine; copies were sent from friend to friend with the superscription (ungrammatical; it is a point of honour not to put on side in the sanctuary): "Who does this make you think of?" To date no woman has been heard to deny the blessed insinuation.

Now there is not only a second book about her—*The Provincial Lady in London*—but her author, Miss E. M. Delafield, may be heard every week over the B.B.C.'s radio system: "The Provincial Lady Looks at Books". English friends report that Miss Delafield stays in character—which should not, after all, be too difficult; and there is even a chance that the Provincial Lady may tell what happened to her in America, or at least in New York, in a third volume. There can never be enough of those terse and telegraphic entries, those Notes ("Began to wish that own conversational energies had not been dissipated for years on such utterly unworthy topics as usually call them forth. Can see dim outline of rather powerful article here, or possibly *vers libre* more suitable form—but nothing can be done tonight"), those examinations of conscience and animadversions on Pamela Pringle.

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Fatal to mention Pamela; she swam again into the Provincial Lady's orbit in a formal call from Mrs. Callington-Clay:—

"An old friend of mine, says Mrs. Callington-Clay, is a neighbour of hers. Do I remember Pamela Pringle? Am obliged to say that I do not. Then perhaps I knew her as Pamela Templer-Tate. I say No again, and repress inclination to add rather tartly that I have never heard of her in my life. Mrs. C.-C. is undefeated and brazenly suggests Pamela Stevenson—whom I once more repudiate. Then, Mrs. C.-C. declares, I *must* recollect Pamela Warburton. Am by this time dazed, but admit that I did once, about twenty-three years ago, meet extremely pretty girl called Pamela Warburton, at a picnic on the river. Very well then, says Mrs. C.-C., there I am!" And Pamela, on her rapid reappearance, is a very old friend indeed, of the kind that imposes on other ladies: "Pamela says that it is not her fault that men have always gone mad about her, and no doubt I remember that it has always been the same, ever since she was a mere tot—(do not remember anything of the kind, and if I did should certainly not say so)."

But we are not making a summer out of one Provincial swallow: within the last few months we have had such recognizably feminine heroines as the Marta (christened Martha) of Isabel Paterson's *Never Ask the End,* who is bound to her girlhood friend by ties of loyalty, tenderness, and lifelong rivalry; the three heroines of Storm Jameson's *Women against Men,* who are loyal, petty, devious, and straightforward often upon the same page; the courageous and deplorable Lavinia of Miss Olive Moore's *Fugue,* and the twin heroines of *There and Back* by Ada Harrison, a delightful record of two happily married women, who see Venice together on a leave of absence.

These books should be recommended to all the young men who are in training to write our future fiction, and to all women and girls everywhere. Here they will find women as unsentimental as a grocery-bill and as romantic as a serenade, not set over against each other as heroine and villainess, but encased in the same flesh. Years ago "Elizabeth" of the German Garden was dear to our mothers, as much because she spoke merrily of her husband as The Man of Wrath as because her heart was in the right place when it came to babies and gardens; but she is a thought too sweet for modern taste. We have had proof enough in these books that women can be shown as *semper mutabile* without being lures of the devil; it should add a pleasant variety to heroines in the future, even to the heroines of books by men.

Possibly, however, this is a vain hope: it may be that men are permitted to look upon this truth but momentarily. After drawing the portrait of Sophia in *The Old Wives' Tale,* Arnold Bennett lapsed into writing *The Pretty Lady.*

Bee-Keeping and Literature

Sherlock Holmes, as everyone who reads Mr. Vincent Starrett's article in this issue will be reminded, is now living in retirement on his bee-farm in Sussex, possibly with an "old-fashioned, quiet housekeeper who also knows how to 'segregate the queen' ". This is why we pricked up our ears when we read the other day in the British papers that Mr. Bernard Shaw is threatened with expulsion from the County Wexford Bee-Keepers' Association in his native Ireland. What, Mr. Shaw a bee-keeper too? At least he became a life member of the Association some four years ago, and very possibly to some serious purpose. This leads us to wonder what hid-

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den attraction bee-keeping holds for authors, retired or otherwise. We remember that Ruth Suckow once lived by bee-keeping—for six years owned and managed a commercial apiary in Iowa. Nearly everyone will recall Mr. Yeats's sentiments on the subject, as expressed in *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*:—

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

As one thinks further of authors and apiaries there comes to mind a long line of writers for whom bees had this unexplained attraction—from Maeterlinck with his *Life of the Bee* to Horace himself with his "*Ego, apis Matinae. . . .*" This phenomenon, now that we think of it, may help to explain the otherwise inexplicable note on the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Charles Dickens's friend, which we quoted in our Christmas Number: the grand old lady was President of the British Bee-Keeping Association from 1878 until her death in 1906. Perhaps taking up bee-keeping is one way to get to know authors.

However all this may be, and regardless of why Mr. Shaw originally became a member of the County Wexford Bee-Keeper's Association, we can at least report to our readers the reasons why they are thinking of throwing him out. It is because of the "blasphemous statements concerning Christ and his Apostles" contained in Mr. Shaw's new book, *The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God,* which is to be brought out in this country by Dodd, Mead this month. At a meeting held in Enniscort one member of the Association said that "a man who made observations that struck with sarcastic ridicule at the very foundations of Christianity should not be associated even remotely with our society". To the question of what bee-keeping has to do with authorship this would seem to add the further question of what bee-keeping has to do with religion.

Stephen Leacock

WE ARE glad to see that Stephen Leacock does not lack for enthusiastic readers after nearly twenty-five years before the public—a long time in the reputation of a humorist. So many fine humorists have arisen since the War that there is a danger of forgetting that the father of them all was the endlessly amusing professor of political economy at a Canadian university. Several readers have hastened to remind us of the title of the Leacock sketch from which we quoted rather vaguely in January. The first letter received, from Bertram de Mille of Simmons College, follows:—

In common with, I suppose, one thousand (1000) other readers of your *Chronicle and Comment*, I cannot refrain (none of us can) from giving you the title of that "skit of Stephen Leacock's" to which you refer on page 47 of the January BOOKMAN. It is "Gertrude the Governess", from *Nonsense Novels*. Gertrude was the young lady, one likes to recall, who was employed by Lord Notacent (pronounced "Nosh") at Notacentinem Towers (pronounced "Nosham Taws"). It was the Earl's son who rode off in all directions—one of the most effective gestures ever made in fiction.

Some of Mr. Leacock's best material does not appear in this country at all, but is given only to his compatriots. The Christmas issue of the London *Spectator* carried some sketches in which Leacock the humorist joined forces with Leacock the political economist to produce a commentary on current British questions that was as amusing as it was incisive. The first sketch, for instance,

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was a retelling of the familiar hokum story of the stern father being moved by the spirit of Christmas to forgive his erring son. In Mr. Leacock's version the cause of the family trouble had been a difference of opinion on the protective tariff. The stern old Earl sends for his grandson:—

"My boy," he said, striving to control the emotion in his voice. "It is Christmas Eve. I have done you a great wrong. I want to try to set it right while I can. I sat down to write to you, but I have found it easier and better to speak to you face to face. Stanley, I have been wrong about Free Trade."

"Grandfather!"

"Wrong, utterly wrong," continued the old Earl, with something like passion in his voice. "It is not true, Stanley, that value under free importation tends to equal the cost of production. I have been wrong, obstinate, pig-headed, but I see it now."

"Not pig-headed, grandfather," exclaimed Stanley, "not pig-headed; a little mulish if you like, but not that. But let me call Ramsey and Neville. Do, pray."

"No, no," said the Earl; "they are too young to understand."

"Ramsey begins to understand about the tariff, grandfather," said Stanley, "and little Neville seems to have always understood it. I'll call them."

It will be observed that Mr. Leacock makes the application of his parable unmistakable by using real names. The old Earl, of course, is Snowden. The sketch concludes:—

The old Earl threw open the window.

All four stood listening to the sound of the bells, now loud and clear.

"How beautiful the bells sound!" said little Ramsey.

"Beautiful indeed," said the Earl. "We buy them in Belgium."

"No, grandfather," said little Neville gently, "in Birmingham."

There are Earls in both of the sketches mentioned above, but we do not remember any tendency to preoccupation with titles in Mr. Leacock's work. Which—along with the reference to the spirit of Christmas—provokes a thought: Why would it not be appropriate, the next time he confers his Christmas honours, for King George to make him Sir Stephen Leacock? It is no disparagement of Sir Owen Seaman to suggest that there is another humorist in the Empire for whom the title would be fitting.

Anatole France's Notebooks

It is rarely enough in these days of publicity that the private notebooks of a famous novelist remain private until some years after his death. It is even more rarely that such notebooks reveal the man himself directly, rather than the man he hoped he was. And it is rarest of all that such a revelation should differ markedly from our established conception of the novelist concerned.

Such, however, seems to be the case with the private notebooks of Anatole France, so far as one can judge from those portions thus far published in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*. They contain his travel diaries for the period from 1907 to 1914—eleven little booklets about the size of a postcard—and even his travelling companions did not know he kept them until they were discovered recently in the possession of his friend Jacques Lion.

Ordinarily, when one examines the notebooks of a famous writer, one expects to find outlines of plots, snatches of dialogue, public compliments recorded with satisfaction, private complaints recorded with ire. But in these notebooks of Anatole France there is nothing of the kind. They are the simple daily record of a man who is aesthetically pleased by the spectacle which his travels bring before him—in Burgundy, in Athens, in Amsterdam, in St. Petersburg, in Constantinople, in Morocco. And they reveal an

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Anatole France quite different from the commonly accepted figure—not the ironist, the cynic, the intellectual jokester, removed from all participation in the life at which he pokes his scorn, but an emotionally sensitive, one might almost say sentimental, innocent, happily aware of the pattern and colour all around him, seeing in men and women and buildings and landscapes, no matter how storied or full of meaning, only those things that please his sense of harmony and design.

Thus the scholar who delved into antiquities to write *Thaïs* and *Les Dieux ont soif* visits the Parthenon and notes only "the round patches made by the yellow moss, and the mauve *marguerites* on the rock". He goes to Argos, and says of the ruins merely: "In the handsome tomb, wild poppies." Again, as he passes through the Greece of the Ancients, his report is:—

Afternoon, Boeotia. Yellow plains—the wheat like a tawny ocean with islands of black pines in it. The narrow blue arm of the sea that separates it from Euboeia. . . . *Chalcis in Euboea.* To the right, light lilac mountains—delightful; nearer, a green-yellow plain. A sea made up of alternate stripes of green and violet. The Greek flag, with blue and white stripes, floating over it in a stiff breeze. Air cool. . . . *Delphos.* Little purple-winged grasshoppers, white butterflies, birds with white throats. By five o'clock the grasshoppers are tired and fall asleep. . . .

Not a word of the shades called up by the ruins he sees, not a word of the vanished people who once walked these places. It is the same when he goes elsewhere. Let him voyage in France: he passes through a Norman market place, oblivious to the snarl of life about him, and notes merely: "*Caudebec.* The pretty girl making shoes in the market place." Or let him visit Belgium: "*Antwerp.* The florist in the Place Verte. Big sunbonnet. Striped red-and-white skirt. Big parasol. Her daughter, with the same kind of hat, and a delicate figure. Charming." Or let him spend a day in a museum, to return with: "Ingres's Mlle. Celine. Admirable legs and thighs"—his only note for the day.

A little of this, scattered here and there through the journals, would not be surprising; but the text is almost all as naïve as this, without the slightest irony or duplicity of thought, and surely reveals a France completely different from the sometimes magnificent *poseur* of the bulk of his books.

The Oxford "Companion"

AMONG the appurtenances to the spiritual comfort of reading, one of the best is a well-filled shelf of reference books at one's elbow. This is of course a material advantage also, since it saves one the trouble of going out into the cold to track down some instantly-wanted fact. But most of all it saves the nagging, picking uncertainty, the torturing curiosity that will not let us rest until the full meaning of a passage is laid open for meditation and enjoyment.

To this shelf the Oxford University Press, through the able efforts of Sir Paul Harvey, has now contributed a useful and pleasant addition, *The Oxford Companion to English Literature,* a dictionary of names of characters, fictional and real; of books; and of literary societies. It is a book which enables one to pin down allusions, to refresh one's memory about dates and exact relationships, to give a local habitation to the name which is merely a name. It includes the plots of classic fiction, a variety of mythological names, and such modernisms as the Dawes Plan. It is the sort of book in which one can discover at a glance exactly what Mr. Cabell meant by his title *For Rhadamanthus, Smiling* in the January BOOKMAN, and why Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, in an earlier issue, called

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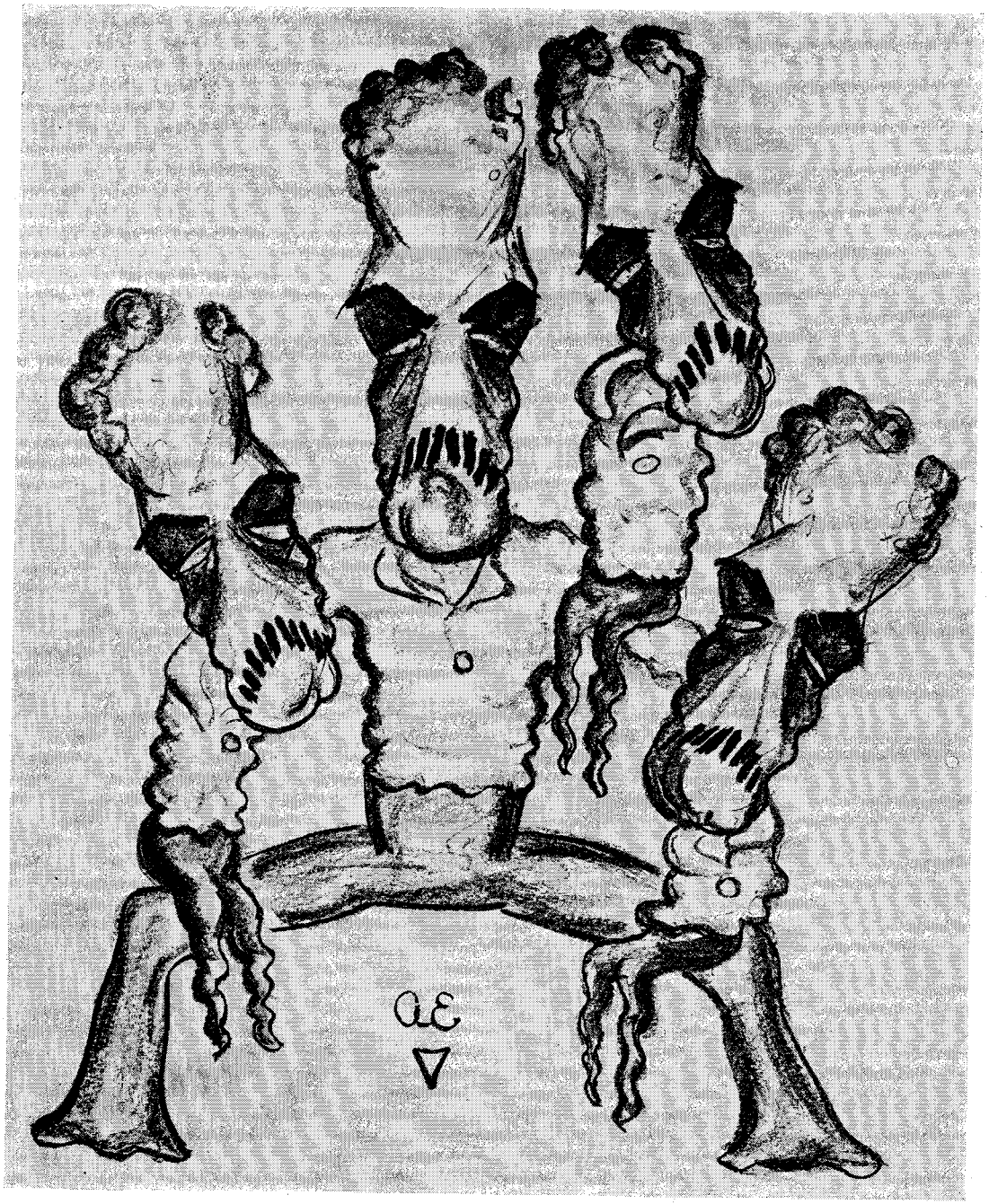

A DRAMA BY EUGENE O'NEILL

The third of a series of literary caricatures by A. E. Fisher.

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ALDOUS HUXLEY: A FAMILY VIEW

Mr. Huxley appears before the reading public in a new aspect this season: the poet, novelist, and essayist becomes, with "Texts and Pretexts", an anthologist. Naturally, it is a very original anthology.

JAMES GOULD COZZENS

The author of the striking short novel of a few seasons ago, "S.S. San Pedro", has given new evidence of his fine talent in "The Last Adam".

ROBERT NATHAN

whose new novel, "One More Spring", is reviewed in this issue. An appreciation of Mr. Nathan's work appeared in the October "Bookman".

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Photos at right by Ker-Seymer, London

ROSAMOND LEHMANN:

THREE MOODS

Three unusual portrait studies of the talented young British novelist whose work is subjected to a searching analysis by Mr. George Dangerfield in an article in this issue.

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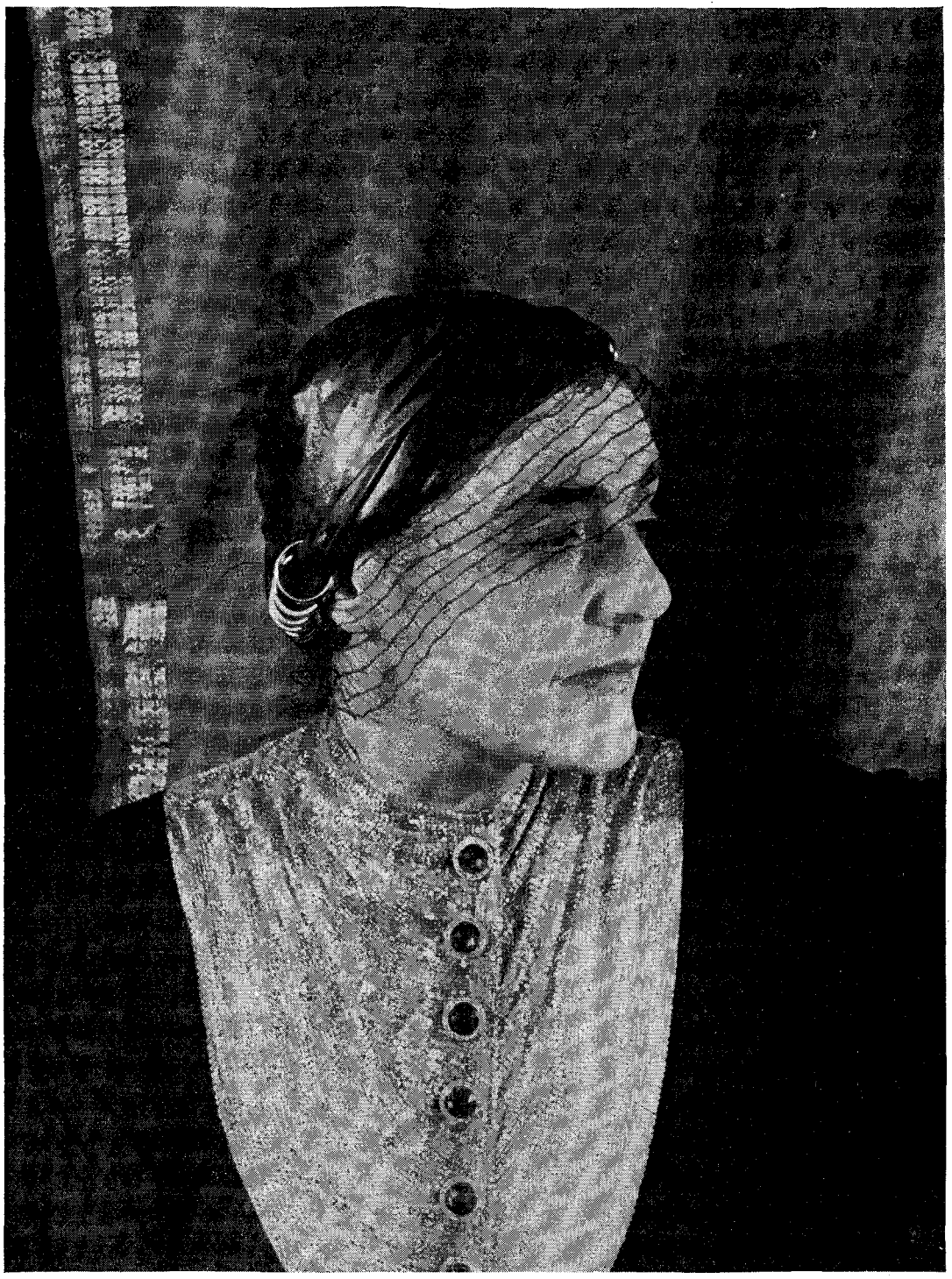

FANNIE HURST: A NEW PORTRAIT BY CARL VAN VECHTEN

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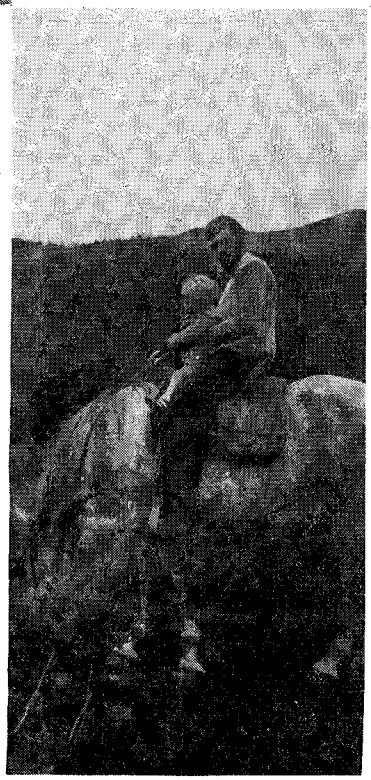
NORMAN
DOUGLAS
&
D. H. LAWRENCE



(Above, center): Norman Douglas, who has recently been engaged in writing a volume of reminiscences. His impressions of D. H. Lawrence, whom he first met at the "English Review" when Lawrence was just beginning his career, and afterwards saw often in Italy, will be found on the first page of this issue.

(Upper left): D. H. Lawrence baking in an earthen oven on his ranch at Taos.

(Upper right): Another Taos snapshot—Lawrence providing the larder with milk.

(Left): Lawrence as a horseman, again on his New Mexican ranch; his passenger is the child of a neighbour.

(These snapshots of Lawrence are to appear in the Honourable Dorothy Brett's reminiscences of the English writer, shortly to be published by Lippincott.)

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STEPHEN

LEACOCK

An informal portrait of the Canadian humorist and political economist. Mr. Leacock's latest book is "Afternoons in Utopia".

STORM JAMESON

(Right) Her new book, "Women Against Men", includes some of the best writing and feminine psychology of the season. In this issue she gives "Bookman" readers her emphatic views on the social irresponsibility manifested by modern fiction writers.

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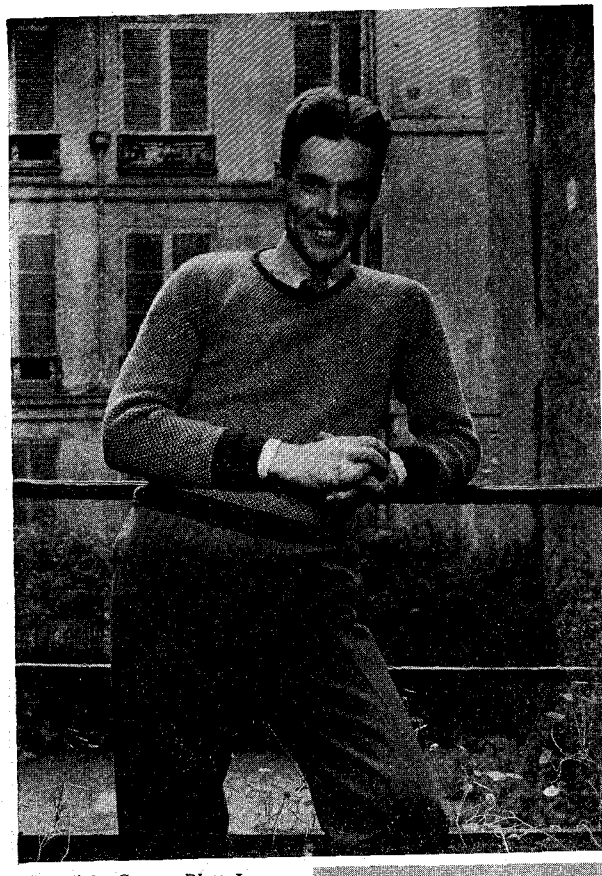

THE EXILE

Glenway Wescott (left) photographed in Paris, where he now makes his home. The author of "The Grandmothers" has recently published abroad an illustrated "Calendar of the Saints for Unbelievers"—a saint for each day, not all respectfully described.

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THE PROVINCIAL LADY

E. M. Delafield, whose delightful "The Provincial Lady in London", just published, is discussed on page 148. This winter she has been giving a series of radio talks in England entitled "The Provincial Lady Looks at Books".

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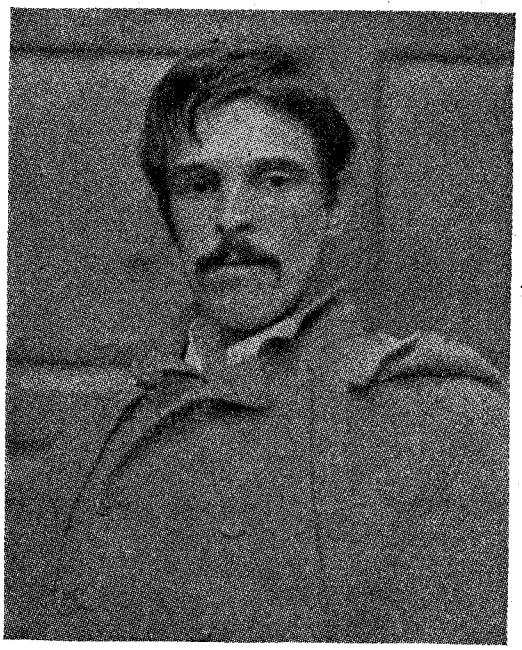
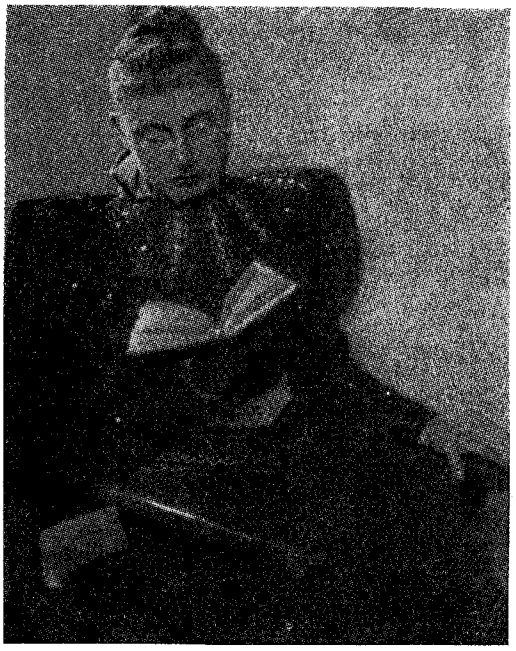


Above, William Butler Yeats at thirty, when he was greeted by "The Bookman" (December, 1895) as "one of the English minor poets to whose career one looks with keen hope".

Above, Ellen Glasgow at twenty-two, as she appeared in the July, 1897, "Bookman", on the occasion of the publication of "The Descendant". This was her first novel, and was issued without her name. The fact that she had written a novel, said "The Bookman" at the time, "was a great surprise to her friends".



At left, Agnes Repplier in 1898. The author of this season's "To Think of Tea", and last year's "Mère Marie of the Ursulines", was already well known as an essayist. The year 1898 saw the publication of her sixth book, "Varia".

A PAGE FROM THE BOOKMAN'S PAST

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certain people of that same tribe "Panjandrums". It is a book that some will wish to consult after reading James Norman Hall's *Comments for Books* in this issue, if, for example, they can not at once place the Haydon of the second poem.

This is its orthodox usage, and for a great many people this is all the book will accomplish. Real bookmen, however, will put the volume to its extra-curricular, or purely aesthetic usage. They will use it as one uses a good dictionary, or *Modern English Usage*, or the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, making the pursuit of a reference merely the occasion for reading along at random, acquiring enchanting, irrelevant information by the way.

So if you can look up Mr. Haydon without finding out that Hasan-i-Sabbah was the name of the Old Man of the Mountain, you are no true bookman. When you have discovered this, you will no doubt "see *Assassin*" to refresh your memory; or perhaps you will go on for a long time remembering the *Arabian Nights*, including the pictures in the edition you had as a child; or perhaps you will be reminded of Dr. Duffield's ingenious theory about the plot of Edwin Drood and turn quickly to see what the *Companion to English Literature* has to say about that book. In that case you will find your eye irresistibly guided to *Efreet*, next down the page, and so you will have in a manner completed a full circle—provided, of course, that in finding *Assassin* you have not strayed upon a bypath to *Asolando*, or to *Astoria*, or become interested in *Asseneth*, or *Florimel, Cousin Feenix, Dundreary, Queen Dollalolla, David Harum*, the great *Cham*, *Bradamante*, or *Bingley*.

* * *

One must not, of course, expect too much of such a book. No reference book ever printed came at once up to all expectations, and even the famous crystal ball that showed the next move in chess proved a disappointment in the end. To select at random, there is no entry for *Zerubbabel* or for the *White Queen*, and some of the notes are disappointingly brusque. There are graver errors, such as instructing the reader to "see *Paul Elmer More*" in the note on Irving Babbitt, and then omitting Mr. More from the book entirely; or the poverty-stricken note on Ernest Dowson, with its ultimate misquotation:—

> DOWSON, ERNEST (1867-1900), author of a book of remarkable poems (1896), of which the best known is 'I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, after my fashion'.

Could Sir Paul have been relying on the advertisements of the moving picture called —we do not know whether as a pun or not— *Sin*, based on the poem? The same error was committed there—but then, moving picture people are not expected to be able to scan, whereas Oxford scholars ("1st Cl. Honours, Lit. Hum.", says *Who's Who*) are. Sir Paul has also acquired, we see, "Grand Orders of Osmanieh, Medjidieh, and Order of the Nile". What can those be? His book does not explain.

Stanley Weyman Redivivus

"MARKED CARDS!"

"There were a score round us when the fool, little knowing the man with whom he had to deal, and as little how to lose like a gentleman, flung the words in my teeth . . ."

These are the opening lines of Stanley Weyman's *Under the Red Robe*, thrilling when they were written forty years ago, and still with the power to thrill today. Weyman will probably stand as one of our surest entertainers. Devoting himself entirely to historical fiction, he produced twenty-three nov-

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els in all, from *The House of the Wolf* in 1890 to *The Lively Peggy* in 1928—the year of his death at the age of eighty-three. The background varied—the France of St. Bartholomew, the England of Bloody Mary, the France of Louis XIII, the Paris of the Revolution, Jacobite England, the Napoleonic Wars, the days of Victoria; but there was always the same effective formula of swashbuckling romance, a well-told story, and characters that were at least sufficiently real to be believed in during the hours that one sat up in bed to finish the book. It would be difficult to select from the twenty-three Weyman titles the three which thrilled us most in our youth, but certainly Longmans Green, who have published Mr. Weyman's books in this country since the first one, forty years ago, have not gone far astray in selecting *Under the Red Robe*, *Count Hannibal*, and *A Gentleman of France* for reprint in their new Stanley Weyman volume, *Historical Romances*.

It is interesting to note that the reasons which prompted the publishers to use the original plates in order to reprint these three full-length novels (and which incidentally permit them to offer their book to the public at the very reasonable figure of $2.50), result also in preserving in type and style the atmosphere which surrounded the Weyman novels when they first appeared on best-seller lists—an atmosphere now faintly archaic, and eminently worth retaining in a case like this.

* * *

When a once popular author like Weyman is revived, it is usually instructive to consult the files of THE BOOKMAN corresponding to his greater days. Sure enough, in the July, 1895, BOOKMAN appears a sketch of the already famous English writer. Here we learn that Weyman, "the Dumas of the hour", began life as a barrister; defended Charles Dickens, the son of the novelist, in his first—and losing—case; and finally, deciding that the law was not his calling, retired "a complete failure". It was then, in 1890, that he began to write. At first he had no luck, but happening upon Baird's history of the Huguenots, he turned to historical fiction, wrote two moderately successful novels, and then, two years afterward, achieved his first real success with *A Gentleman of France*. THE BOOKMAN's paragrapher then proceeds to tell of Weyman's early interest in history:—

> Mr. Weyman gave evidence of his literary predilections when as a child he read *Little Arthur's History of England* in preference to his toy-books. The next book which enthralled him so that he read and re-read it, taking it to bed with him, was the marvellous *Jane Eyre*; and at the age of eleven he was bribed by his father to read Macaulay's *History* at the rate of sixpence a volume, although he hardly needed the stimulus of the bribe.

One additional paragraph may be quoted from that BOOKMAN of nearly forty years ago, for it concerns a question that will now again become a live one—the pronunciation of Mr. Weyman's name. This was settled for all time by the editors of the BOOKMAN of that day. In an earlier issue they had reported that "Wyman" was correct, and here they concluded the argument:—

> An esteemed correspondent begs leave to inform us, apropos of a recent note in THE BOOKMAN, that in the *Century Dictionary of Names* Mr. Weyman's name is pronounced "Wayman". In reply we beg to inform our esteemed correspondent that the *Century Dictionary of Names* is wrong.

Re-Enter Tragedy

FOR years now we have been hearing that the rise of advertising and the decline of fiction go hand in hand. The charge has been solemnly brought again and again that in

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boom times the advertiser's demand that his copy should run next to "reading matter" and that that reading matter should not be depressing has warped our short story out of its logical shape and turned it into something over-long, amorphous, and falsely optimistic. Further counts in the charge were that this had led to a corruption in the national taste, so that the average reader would not tolerate tragedy in even the most dilute doses.

Whether or not there was truth in the charge, there is very good evidence that editors did, for several decades, discourage the writing of any except genial stories, and that the author whose natural bent inclined him toward the writing of melancholy, tragic, or bitter tales had to carry his wares to the little magazines to find a market.

Now, it begins to seem, there was no popular taste at work enforcing the "happy ending". Within the last five years a new type of American story has arisen, the "short-short", which is sweeping the country. Whether with the depression the advertiser's iron hand perforce relaxed may be left to the theorizers on the short story. Certainly advertisers must be singing low these days, but editorial gossip has it that the short-short started in a magazine which had never carried any great amount of advertising at any time, which needed more authors' names for its cover, and had very little space to spare. The explanation may be apocryphal, but at any rate the new form proved contagious: magazine after magazine succumbed and added one or two of these brief yarns, short enough to be printed on one magazine page and leave space enough for an illustration. They caught popular fancy from the first, and have now reached the eminence of having an anthology of their own: *The Best Short-Shorts of 1932*, edited by Paul E. Anderson and Lionel White, and published by Putnam's.

It is too early yet to say that the form as a form fills a long felt want. The French *feuilletons* remain unrivalled. Most of these American stories are crude, tenuous, or anecdotal. It seems difficult for an American to edit a certain amount of drawling expansiveness out of his writing, and if, in the interests of space-saving, he is forced to compress, he will often expand an anecdote or give the last scene of what was obviously conceived as a longer story rather than strip his prose of circumstantial material that a Frenchman or a Russian would consider extraneous. Nevertheless most of these stories are distinctly promising, and the very brief story may turn out to be an excellent form for us.

In the meanwhile there are incidental benefits. No one, surely, can hold that "short-shorts" do not fill a popular demand, yet in them the happy ending is conspicuous by its absence. It is difficult to make sweetness and light dramatic in the space of a thousand words; again and again these writers turn to the ironic ending, the dramatic reversal, or to downright stark tragedy in their tales. It may be that both advertisers and editors will recognize that American readers are not alienated or discomfited by the tragic note where it is necessary for effectiveness, and the next step may be that a maturer tone will be admitted into our longer stories.

Against Dictionaries

AN ANONYMOUS writer in *Punch* has entered a heart-rending protest against dictionary compilers, called

"AN Ă-PĒL"

I am feeling very wē-rĭ. I have just been looking (*directing the attention to*; *using the eyes in seeing*) rīt through a large red dik-shun-ar-ĭ, and I fear my brain (*mass of soft whitish matter*

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in the skull) has been tem′-por-ră-rĭ-li affected; influenced; acted upon. I am not u-zhū-a-lĭ so in-kwiz′-ĭ-tĭv as to go hunting all the way throo a book containing the words of a language arranged alphabetically with meanings, but on this ok-kā-zhun we had been argū, -gūed, -gūing about the difference, disagreement, variation, between the wërd "sour" and the wërd "bitter"; nobody app-ēr-′d (*became visible; was in sight; seemed*) to be able to define the difference, disagreement, variation, so some very foolish fa-sē-shus pe-pl began to insist most vē′-he- (not vē-he′) -mentli that there wasn't en-nĭ difference. Of kōrs I *nū′* they were tawking bĭlj′ (*broadest and flattest inside part of bottom of a ship; bulging part of a cask*), so I thawt I would consult the dik-shun-ar-ĭ and find out, and honestly (*"h" silent and in all compounds*) I feel (*touch; handle; perceive*) I would like to ă-būz the broots who pro-dūs′d this really naw-shĕ-ŭs, or -shŭs, book containing the words of a language arranged alphabetically, with meanings. It didn't help (*aid; assist; remedy; relief; assistance; domestic servant—in U.S.A.*) me a bit, but has mēr-lĭ affected the soft hwīt-ish matter in the bony framework of the skull. Bĕ-kŏz all it gave (*bestowed; made over to another freely; yielded; uttered as opinion*) for "sour" was: "of a tart, sour flā-vur," and for "bitter": "of a bitter, tart flā-vur." Well, I ask, implore, beseech, beg or pray you. Isn't that fat-ŭ-us? (*very foolish; idiotic; deceptive*). I've been trying (*putting forth strength; testing; examining in a court of justice*) to find the rīt answer, reply, solution (*as in arith., etc.*) ever since last Wenz′-dā. Can't *en′-nĭ* body tell me the kor-rĕkt′ def-ĭ-nĭ-shŭn of the difference; disagreement; variation?

Our friend was touching dictionary-makers in a tender spot—there is no harder task than conveying a taste in words—unless it be conveying an odour. But he was also obviously using one of the feebler specimens of the lexicographical breed. Don't *Punch* authors keep the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* on their desks? The definitions there of "sour" and "bitter" are little masterpieces—one cannot read them without the lips puckering and the mouth watering.

Memorial

READERS of *The Story of San Michele* will remember the chapter called *The Bird Sanctuary*, in which Dr. Munthe tells of saving the life of an ex-butcher, the owner of the best bird-trapping site on Capri, exacting in return the right to buy Mount Barbarossa, which he turned into a bird sanctuary. The sequel to that chapter has just been made public; Mussolini, deeply impressed by the book, has made all Capri a bird haven.

When London's bird sanctuary in memory of W. H. Hudson was opened, Jacob Epstein's representation of the "Rima" of *Green Mansions* turned the sanctuary into a storm center. Perhaps even the intrepid Duce realizes that there are rebellions no Fascisti can quell: at any rate no plaque of Dr. Munthe tapping the butcher's left lung has as yet been commissioned for Capri.

Mrs. Woolf on Leslie Stephen

WHEN a writer as gifted as Virginia Woolf describes at first hand the methods of composition used by another gifted writer who is at the same time her own father, her comments are worth quoting. Mrs. Woolf's father, who died in 1904, was of course Sir Leslie Stephen, the philosopher, biographer, and critic. His best known books, beside the favourite *Hours in a Library*, are *The English Utilitarians*, *Studies of a Biographer*, and *An Agnostic's Apology*. He had an international reputation for independence of thought and forthrightness of statement; with George Smith, he founded the *Pall Mall Gazette*; he piloted the *Cornhill Magazine* through eleven years of high literary excellence, and edited the Dictionary of National Biography for nine. The occasion for Mrs. Woolf's tribute, which appears in the

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London *Times*, is the centenary of her father's birth, which was celebrated in November. Her description of his method of working, as she remembers it from childhood, makes an attractive picture:—

He wrote daily and methodically, though never for long at a time. In London he wrote in the large room with three long windows at the top of the house. He wrote lying almost recumbent in a low rocking chair which he tipped to and fro as he wrote, like a cradle, and as he wrote he smoked a short clay pipe, and he scattered books round him in a circle. The thud of a book dropped on the floor could be heard in the room beneath. And often as he mounted the stairs to his study with his firm, regular tread he would burst, not into song, for he was entirely unmusical, but into a strange rhythmical chant, for verse of all kinds, both "utter trash", as he called it, and the most sublime words of Milton and Wordsworth stuck in his memory, and the act of walking or climbing seemed to inspire him to recite whichever it was that came uppermost or suited his mood.

Mrs. Woolf's description of her father's attitude toward his children—what they should read and how they should learn—is illuminating.

If at one moment he rebuked a daughter for smoking a cigarette—smoking was not in his opinion a nice habit in the other sex—she had only to ask him if she might become a painter, and he assured her that so long as she took her work seriously he would give her all the help he could. He had no special love for painting; but he kept his word. Freedom of that sort was worth thousands of cigarettes.

It was the same with the perhaps more difficult problem of literature. Even today there may be parents who would doubt the wisdom of allowing a girl of fifteen the free run of a large and quite unexpurgated library. But my father allowed it. There were certain facts—very briefly, very shyly he referred to them. Yet "Read what you like", he said, and all his books, "mangy and worthless", as he called them, but certainly they were many and various, were to be had without asking. To read what one liked because one liked it, never to pretend to admire what one did not—that was his only lesson in the art of reading. To write in the fewest possible words, as clearly as possible, exactly what one meant—that was his only lesson in the art of writing. All the rest must be learnt for oneself. Yet a child must have been childish in the extreme not to feel that such was the teaching of a man of great learning and wide experience, though he would never impose his own views or parade his own knowledge. For, as his tailor remarked when he saw my father walk past his shop up Bond Street, "There goes a gentleman that wears good clothes without knowing it".

F. W. Maitland's biography, *The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen,* is now more than twenty-five years off the press. Perhaps this occasional memoir will stimulate England's greatest woman critic to do her own book-length portrait of this man whom James Russell Lowell called "the most lovable of men" and Meredith "Phoebus Apollo turned fasting friar".

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SHERLOCK HOLMES: NOTES FOR A BIOGRAPHY

by Vincent Starrett

THE day will come, one fancies, when Sherlock Holmes will be assumed to have left this mortal life behind. It will be a presumption based on probability, since man—we have been told—may not live forever in the flesh. And when that day shall have arrived, and the sad word have been spoken, there will be records and biographies in number, do not doubt, to prove the facts of his existence. In time he will have lived as surely in our world as ever he appeared to live in that span that might have marked his living. There will be little placards on the doors that once he entered, and tall memorials in the pantheons of Christendom. There will be . . . But already, for the elect, there is that page of reminiscence by Opal, Lady Porstock:—

I need only mention one other of my public activities, which remains a legitimate boast [she asserts, writing of her days in Parliament]. It was a Private Member's Bill, brought forward by myself, that procured the erection of the great statue of Sherlock Holmes in Baker Street. I pointed out that London was now the only European capital which had no statue of the kind, and the plaque on No. 221-B Baker Street was a quite inadequate recognition of the famous detective's services. The question whether he ever existed did not affect, or ought not to affect, the feelings of veneration with which we regarded him. When the Bill passed, I was elected a member of the Committee which was to decide between the various designs sent in. . . . I am glad to say that it was at my instigation the Committee chose the design sent in by Wrightman, then quite unknown, but destined to become famous as one of the leaders of the neo-classical school of the sixties. The conception is a noble one, and if some have found fault with the pipe as out of keeping with the classical draperies in which the figure is represented, it is not for us to complain.

It is, to be sure, a little early as yet for admirers of Mr. Sherlock Holmes to look up the statue. Lady Porstock would appear to have been writing in the year 1988 of events that transpired between the years 1953 and 1959; and as her valuable reminiscences were edited by Father Ronald Knox in the year 1923 in his volume *Memoirs of the Future*, it is fairly obvious that somebody is being spoofed. But one looks forward to the birth of Wrightman and the coming of the great Baker Street memorial. Already there is a railway engine wearing the famous name. It runs in and out of the Baker Street Station, and is a sufficiently admirable memorial of its kind.

As Lady Porstock has suggested, the question whether Sherlock ever existed has really nothing to do with the case. Existence is a word that has no very precise definition. It means whatever the prevailing fashion in philosophy wishes it to mean. If it means anything at all, it would appear to mean that which is perceived of the imagination quite as much as that which is real to the primary senses. Certainly it is a commonplace that many things exist which nobody has seen, heard, smelled, tasted, or touched.

The existence of Sherlock Holmes is, however, something more than a matter of mere

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faith. That he emerged from the pages of a book may be a concern of scholarly regard, but it can hardly be denied that he has taken his place in the living world. You may go out into the street, as Mr. Edward Shanks has suggested, if you are in any doubt about it, and ask the first bus conductor that you meet. By Holmes's own methods, indeed, it could be demonstrated that he lived—nay, that he still lives; and one likes to imagine that, for auld lang syne, he still occasionally revisits the glimpses, in old Baker Street. It was the famous General Humbert, no less, who demanded tidings of the detective, only fifteen years ago. His dinner guest at the moment happened to be Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, then visiting the Argonne.

"À propos", suddenly snapped the General, his hard eyes fixed upon the author's face, "Sherlock Holmes, est-ce qu'il est un soldat dans l'armée anglaise?"

There was an embarrassed moment as Sir Arthur paused. Then, "Mais, mon général", stammered the English novelist, "il est trop vieux pour service."

How much too old, Sir Arthur did not say; but Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice, excited by the anecdote, determined to find out. On the strength of his researches—and perhaps deductions—he places the detective's birthday in the early fifties; in which event Holmes must today be close upon his eightieth anniversary.

Is his mail still heavy, one wonders, there upon the Downs? Innumerable letters have been addressed to him at one time and another; and by some admirable citizens, too. For the most part, these were sent in care of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in the belief that he would forward them; but even when they were not so directed the Post Office Department of England—an intelligent institution—had no difficulty in making the proper delivery. A number of letters were received by Sir Arthur after it had been announced that Holmes was retiring to his bee farm in Sussex. There were several worthy persons in the world, it appeared, who would be happy to assist him in his project. "Will Mr. Sherlock Holmes require a housekeeper for his country cottage at Xmas?" asked an "old-fashioned, quiet woman" hopefully; and another spread her qualifications on the record: she was an adept, it seemed, at keeping bees and was able to "segregate the queen".

A professional lecturer who was also an apiarian specialist addressed himself to Sherlock Holmes direct, offering his services in a letter that is singularly charming in its spontaneity and gratitude:—

DEAR SIR:—

I see by some of the morning papers that you are about to retire and take up bee-keeping. I know not if this be correct or otherwise, but if correct I shall be pleased to render you service by giving any advice you may require. I make this offer in return for the pleasure your writings gave me as a youngster; they enabled me to spend many and many a happy hour. Therefore I trust you will read this letter in the same spirit in which it is written.

Autograph-hunters, too, were pestilential throughout the detective's long career, and doubtless are still bothersome. The more cunning of the tribe, hesitating to approach the celebrity directly, used to address their unctuous requests to Watson, urging his intercession. But the good doctor's most upsetting communication must have been that dictated by a well-known press-cutting agency, suggesting that his brilliant *confrère* might care to take advantage of its service. That letter, at least, it may be guessed, remained unanswered. There were already too many scraps and scrapbooks littering the place to suit the taste of Watson.

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But most devout perhaps of all devout believers were those natives of Samoa whose incredible luck it was to have for master a certain Robert Louis Stevenson. Stevenson, telling his own inventions to his servants in the fragrant Pacific dusk, varied the evening programme with some tales of Sherlock Holmes. In a comical letter to Sir Arthur (not then a knight, however), he complained of the difficulty of telling stories which every moment required a halt for explanations. What, asked the literal Samoans, was a railway? What was an engineer? Somehow, in spite of difficulties, he got the tales across. "If you could have seen the bright feverish eyes of Simite", wrote the Scottish novelist, "you would have tasted glory."

To his own *Bottle Imp* they had listened with bated breath, only to burst forth, at conclusion, with an awkward question. "Where", they demanded eagerly, "is the bottle?"

O ye of little faith! Surely he lived—our Sherlock—and breathed the fog and dust of Baker Street, even as now, one hopes, he breathes the purer air that blows across the Sussex Downs. And Watson, too—has he not sold his latest practice, and gone to join his comrade? How often one likes to think that it is so!

But there is still considerable research to be done before those records for the future may be called complete—before the High History of Mr. Sherlock Holmes shall have been set down for posterity. When and where, precisely, was he born? What was the college which for two years he attended? Who and what were his extraordinary parents? That they were extraordinary is as certain as that they were unknown to public fame. His brother Mycroft, that colossal genius, that all but fabulous monster, we have casually met on more than one occasion, in the pages of Watson; but about the other members of his family circle Sherlock has been as close-lipped as the dourest Scottish tradesman. Even to Watson he revealed so little of his early life that the doctor was at one time upon the point of believing him an orphan with no kinsfolk in the world. But with the first mention of his brother Mycroft a few stray facts emerged.

"My ancestors", said Sherlock Holmes on this unusual occasion, "were country squires, who appear to have led much the same life as is natural to their class. But, none the less, my turn that way [*i.e.*, his ability to observe and make deductions] is in my veins, and may have come from my grandmother, who was the sister of Vernet, the French artist. Art in the blood is liable to take the strangest forms."

His grandmother—but on which side? The mother's, one suspects, since in general his ancestors were English country squires; and is there not perhaps a further clue to family history in Mycroft's name? One offers the suggestion in humility, and yet it may have merit. Mycroft, the elder of two brothers (had there been others, Sherlock, at this time, should have mentioned them), might well receive his mother's family name—a common practice. Indeed it is even possible that Sherlock was the mother's surname, but indications point rather to a certain bowler of that name, admired no doubt by Sherlock's unknown father. Young Dr. Verner might resolve the tangle—if he still lives; but if he does, one fears he is no longer young. He it was who purchased Watson's practice, in 1894, after the return of Holmes from Switzerland. He paid, it seemed to Watson, a ridiculously high price for so demure a practice; and it was not till some years afterward that he found out the truth—that Verner was, in fact, a distant relative of Holmes, and Holmes it was who had turned

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up the money. The connection here between the younger doctor and that grandmother who was the sister of Vernet is obvious. Verner would be the English form of Vernet, or a corruption of the French name after a year or so in England. And Dr. Verner would be a cousin of the detective, twice or thrice removed.

However that may be, Holmes for two years, we know, attended college, where the only friend he made was Victor Trevor—young Trevor whose father was a J.P. at Donnithorpe in Norfolk. Old Trevor is, of course, quite dead; but it may be that Victor still survives, in which case there is another source of inquiry. He was last heard of in the Terai, a successful tea-planter. The early friendship came about in curious fashion, when Holmes—upon his way to chapel—was seized by Trevor's bull-terrier and laid up for ten days. It was this acquaintance, it will be remembered, which gave the youthful Sherlock his first case, celebrated in the *Memoirs* as *The Gloria Scott*, and which really turned his attention to the possibilities of the profession he was so long to grace.

Again, in *The Musgrave Ritual*, there is just a glimpse of Holmes's younger days. He speaks here, easily enough, of his "last years at the university", but presumably it is just a figure of speech. The earlier record seems quite explicit, and it limits Holmes's formal college training to a scant two years. There is also considerable mention of one Reginald Musgrave, with whom at school Holmes had had some acquaintance. Apparently it was nothing intimate, for Musgrave was "not generally popular". Nevertheless, in Musgrave, if he still survives—at Hurlstone Manor, which is in Western Sussex—there is another clue to Holmes's early exploits. Certain it is that his methods had occasioned talk even at the University. It was, indeed, through the good offices of former classmates that several early cases came to him, after he had established himself in London.

His first lodgings were apparently those in Montague Street (mentioned in *The Musgrave Ritual*), just around the corner from the British Museum. "There I waited," Watson tells us the detective told him, "filling in my too abundant leisure time by studying all those branches of science which might make me more efficient." There it was his early clients came to him, among them Reginald Musgrave, whose puzzling problem was chronologically third upon the list. Of the two earlier cases we have no word at all, unless we think of the Trevor business as one of them. This seems unlikely as it occurred before young Sherlock came to London.

Shortly thereafter, at any rate, it would appear that business picked up, and Sherlock Holmes cast round for larger quarters. He had been for some time, we must suppose, pursuing his curious studies in the chemical laboratory at St. Bartholomew's, where he had become known to young Stamford. All unwitting, and young as he still was, he was now at the turning-point of his career. Almost around the corner—certainly no farther away than the Criterion bar—was Watson. And it can scarcely be denied that it was with Watson's wondering advent that the real career of Sherlock Holmes began.

Thereafter, the materials for a biography are numerous. It is of Holmes's younger days that we need further information. Is there no anecdote of the precocious youth's first startling piece of observation? His first recorded literary venture set forth by Watson is a magazine article called *The Book of Life*; but it is certain that his famous monograph *Upon the Distinction between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos* was already

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written, as were probably also some of his other and less celebrated papers. Those long hours in the rooms in Montague Street would have been admirable for literary enterprise, and it seems highly likely that many of them were thus employed.

Some day, no doubt, there will be a Collected Edition of the famous writings. In the meantime, a bibliography may prove useful, and this immediately follows. The order in which the several items are here set down is not of necessity the order in which they made their original appearance, although an effort has been made to make the muster chronological.

The Writings of Mr. Sherlock Holmes

Upon the Distinction between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos. "In it", says Holmes, "I enumerate one hundred and forty forms of cigar, cigarette, and pipe tobacco, with coloured plates illustrating the difference in the ash." (*A Study in Scarlet, The Sign of Four, The Boscombe Valley Mystery*)

Upon the Tracing of Footsteps. "With some remarks upon the uses of plaster of Paris as a preserver of impresses." (*The Sign of Four*)

Upon the Influence of a Trade upon the Form of the Hand. "With lithotypes of the hands of slaters, sailors, cork-cutters, compositors, weavers, and diamond-polishers." (*The Sign of Four*)

The Book of Life. This was a magazine article on the science of deduction and analysis, based on the author's theories of systematic observation. It probably appeared some time early in 1881. (*A Study in Scarlet*)

On the Typewriter and Its Relation to Crime. As early as the late eighties Holmes contemplated the writing of this monograph, and there is no reason to suppose that it was not ultimately accomplished. (*A Case of Identity*)

Upon the Dating of Old Documents. "The *terminus a quo* of this monograph is uncertain," says Mr. S. C. Roberts. "It probably dealt in the main with the problem of handwritings from the sixteenth century onwards. It was completed before the year 1889, and at a later date Holmes was engaged in the study of the mediaeval aspect of the subject." (*The Hound of the Baskervilles* and *The Golden Pince-Nez*)

Of Tattoo Marks. "I have made a small study of tattoo marks", says Holmes, "and have even contributed to the literature of the subject." His paper included an examination of the curious pink pigment used by Chinese artists. (*The Red-Headed League*)

On Secret Writings. "I am fairly familiar with all forms of secret writings", Holmes asserts, "and am myself the author of a trifling monograph upon the subject, in which I analyse one hundred and sixty separate ciphers." (*Dancing Men*)

On the Surface Anatomy of the Human Ear. There were two short monographs on this subject, in the *Anthropological Journal*, apparently some time in the early eighties. Both papers appeared during the one year, and one may well have been an amplification of the other. (*The Cardboard Box*)

Early English Charters. It is not certain that this work ever was completed. Holmes conducted laborious researches in the subject, however, in the year 1895, which led to such striking results that Watson half promised to make them the subject of one of his own narratives—a promise which has not as yet been fulfilled. (*Three Students*)

On the Polyphonic Motets of Lassus. Printed for private circulation, possibly some time in 1896; certainly later than 1895. This work is said by experts to be the last word upon the subject. (*The Bruce-Partington Plans*)

Chaldean Roots in the Ancient Cornish Language. Holmes began his study of this subject in the spring of 1897, if Watson is correct, and although the adventure of *The Devil's Foot* occurred to interrupt him, it is certain that he returned to it. There is no record of publication, unhappily, but

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Holmes's interest in the subject would argue that it did ultimately in some form achieve the permanence of print. (*The Devil's Foot*)

MALINGERING. A monograph upon a subject which interested Holmes at the time of the adventure of *The Dying Detective*. While it is not certain that it ever was written, it may very well have been; at least, one fancies, it has become a chapter in his comprehensive textbook, *The Whole Art of Detection*, hereinafter listed. (*The Dying Detective*)

UPON THE USES OF DOGS IN THE WORK OF THE DETECTIVE. It was in 1903 that Holmes first mentioned his intention to write this monograph, but there is no report in Watson of its publication. Possibly it, too, has become merely a chapter in the great textbook of detection. On the other hand, diligent research may turn up a copy of the work as originally planned. (*The Creeping Man*)

PRACTICAL HANDBOOK OF BEE CULTURE, WITH SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE SEGREGATION OF THE QUEEN. This *magnum opus* of the detective's later years was written after his retirement, and was published some time prior to August, 1912. Presumably it is a small duodecimo. It was issued in blue cloth, lettered in gold. (*His Last Bow*)

SIGERSON. It was during the year 1893 that the English newspapers carried accounts of the "remarkable explorations of a Norwegian named Sigerson", who had travelled for two years in Thibet and spent some days with the head Lama at Lhasa. Sigerson is now known to have been Holmes himself, then believed to be dead; and while the newspaper reports are no doubt interviews rather than first-hand accounts, they will be of the highest interest to all Holmes collectors, and are mentioned here to complete the record. (*The Empty House*)

THE BLANCHED SOLDIER. The first of the famous detective's criminal reminiscences to be set forth by himself. The adventure occurred in January, 1903, but this account of it was written many years later. It was first published in the *Strand Magazine* during 1926. Available in all editions of *The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes*. (*Blanched Soldier*)

THE LION'S MANE. Second and last of Holmes's adventures related by himself. The episode is dated in July of 1907, but the reminiscence was probably penned at about the same time as that of *The Blanched Soldier*. Published in the *Strand Magazine* during 1926. Available in all editions of *The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes*. (*The Lion's Mane*)

THE WHOLE ART OF DETECTION. Sherlock Holmes proposed to devote his declining years to the composition of this textbook, which was to "focus the whole art of detection into one volume". He mentioned it to Watson on a cold morning in the winter of 1897, and there is no reason to suppose that he ever gave over the fascinating idea. As the volume has not yet been announced, it may be assumed that it is still in preparation. (*Abbey Grange*)

TRANSLATIONS. The number of Holmes's works that have been translated into foreign languages is probably large, and no attempt has been made to run them all to earth. Certain it is that as early as 1888 François le Villard was engaged in translating into French the writings then published; and where the French were adventuring, it is certain the Germans were not far behind. The two criminal reminiscences (see above) have appeared in practically *all* languages, including the Scandinavian.

Look well, then, for all these rare and difficult titles, Bookmen, for your own shelves and for the records of the future. In them are the exercises of a great and vigorous mind unhampered by the interruptions and the cries of Watson. Good fellow, he has spoiled some admirable monologues, at one time and another, by his appalling muddle-headedness.

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ROSAMOND LEHMANN

AND THE PERILOUS ENCHANTMENT OF THINGS PAST

by George Dangerfield

"Cum sic orsa loqui vates: 'Sate sanguine divum,
Tros Anchisiade, facilis descensus Averno:
noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis;
sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
hoc opus, hic labor est . . .' "—*Aeneid. Bk. VI.*

IT IS impossible to mention Rosamond Lehmann without praise and without gratitude: it is equally impossible to write about her without some stirrings of fear. The praise and the gratitude may be taken for granted, since everybody knows how rare her gift is and how delightful; the fear, perhaps, remains to be defined.

It was a fear which scarcely troubled us in our reading of her first book, and after reading her second it was only vague and impalpable: but with the publication of *Invitation to the Waltz*, perhaps the most enchanting novel of 1932, it took on shape and substance. For then, taking all three books together, one could see for the first time a curious fact: as Miss Lehmann advanced in technique, in delicacy, in assurance, so she retired from life in all its larger manifestations. Indeed, her progress has been from the universal to the local, from the wide arena to the narrow; a Persephone among her contemporaries, she has now descended into Avernus—the half-world of fiction, the place that is thronged with the nearly dead, and bright with the images of those who are yet to be born.

To talk of Miss Lehmann in terms of a descent is an exaggerated figure of speech, of course; it excludes most of her admitted virtues, or at any rate relegates them to a minor place. It is true that this descent has been marked by a delicate and lyrical prose, and illuminated by certain portraits of children and adolescents which are almost unequalled in our time. It is true that, in one sense, Miss Lehmann has accomplished more than her contemporaries and has as great promise as any of them. But precisely for that reason, one must now write about her in the light of her weakness and not of her strength: for if one dares prophesy a great future for her, one is obliged to recognize her chances of not realizing that future. Otherwise prophecy becomes an idle thing.

II

DAY and night the gate of the half-world is open for those novelists who are gifted enough to demand an entrance there. With each writer its colours and its geography are different, but for all of them it is the place where the minor predicament, the unimportant event, the lesser character are celebrated. It can be smart, or sociable, or gloomy, or horrible: in Miss Lehmann's case it has become magical and enchanted, and those are words which, with reference to major fiction, have a deal of menace in them. What led her steps there? Nothing, it seems, more sinister than memory.

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In creative literature memory is one side of imagination; imagination is a vital part of experience; and experience is the be-all and end-all of fiction. Now Miss Lehmann's memory is of a peculiar order. She is one of those very few people who can see back into their own childhood, who know what it really felt like to be a child and a young girl. This is a gift, like the gift of second sight, and psychologists have a gross name for it; with Miss Lehmann it is very nearly an obsession.

And so, if you examine the chief characters of all her novels, you will find that, however diverse their natures and their spheres, they have one attitude in common: they all have their heads turned backwards, staring into the past. In *Dusty Answer* this is little more than a stormy gesture, sketched upon the air; in *A Note in Music* it is still somewhat vague and undefined; in *Invitation to the Waltz* it has frozen into an attitude. For Miss Lehmann celebrates youth and beauty, which delight and terrify and condemn the world with their presence—a universal theme, by all rights, since it concerns every one of us in all periods of our lives, but a theme which fiction has gratefully conceded to poetry. And until Miss Lehmann rids herself of her astonishing burden of memory, until she sets her imagination free to face adult experience for what it is, her great talent may never come to a proper harvest.

When *Dusty Answer* first appeared, there was little to fear for the author. It was autobiographical, or so one thought, but that is the case with almost every first novel, and there is all the difference in the world between getting rid of one's memories and cherishing them. Moreover it contained the essential thing, a complete experience; for it dealt with a whole period in Judith Earle's life, from childhood to womanhood. Its passions and sorrows were immediate and compelling; it had a sense of beauty which was almost physical, even in cold print; it was completely feminine. Its faults were the faults of generosity, readily forgiven; and it is only now, when we have other work to compare it with, that its values have shifted somewhat for us, and its ending seems full of premonition.

Although in *Dusty Answer* Miss Lehmann's conception was a major one, her presentation did not quite equal it. Those who come too greedily and too ingenuously at life are bound for disappointment—that is the theme. But towards the end of the book, when Judith has left the final refuge of Cambridge, she is treated, not as someone who must learn by living, however tragically, but as someone condemned for having grown up. Her best friend is lost to her in a perverse relationship; her lover takes her for one night and then deserts her with the remark that he is not worth remembering; and somehow or other the tragedy has shrunk away into the minor bitterness of disenchantment. The delightful friends of her childhood have become incomplete and unreal—they too have paid the penalty of growing up—and the book ends like a lament for youth, like an unfavourable verdict upon the estate of maturity.

There are two sentences from one of Judith's last letters—"Enchantment has vanished from the world. Perhaps it will never come back, save in memory"—which are the sorry text for all Miss Lehmann's writing: she is laid under the spell of youth, and sees the rest of life unkindly and with an implied distaste. The poet in her is too much in evidence, never a good omen for fiction; and when she wrote those two sentences from Judith's letter she was already standing at the gate of her half-world.

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III

A Note in Music, the second stage in her descent, is by comparison sad and lifeless. Aesthetically it is more pleasing, but aesthetic pleasure has its drawbacks: in this book, for instance, the mood is more literary than vital; the characters, depending too much upon the verbal subtlety of their creator, appeal to the taste but scarcely touch the heart; and the whole pattern is something which judgement both applauds as correct and condemns as insignificant. Moreover, out of the infinite varieties of adult experience, this is Miss Lehmann's choice—this story of mediocre people who have no proper vices, and whose single lamentable virtue is that they were once young. Nothing—not even a new assurance in Miss Lehmann's technique, a new sharpness in her observation—can dispel the shadows of this narrow world.

With *A Note in Music,* then, her descent is half accomplished. The two married women—Grace and Norah—are, so far as fiction is concerned, already as good as dead. *Once* they were young, and *once* they dreamed of love. But Grace married a dull man before she really knew her mind; and Norah, after some disastrous love affair, married a college professor who could neither satisfy her senses nor be a good father to her children. Grace's most vital interest lies in her past; her most vivid memory is that of her girlhood in a South England vicarage; her ideal holiday is to go back there, and to go back alone. Norah's life is a memorial to her dead lover. Both women look backward: there is nothing before them but the small comforts of habit and resignation.

And then, like a note in music which "appertains to what is past and what is to come", there is an encounter with a casual young man. He comes from a gayer world, and is altogether out of place in their north-country town, where he has been sent to learn the family business: they meet him one afternoon on a country road, and he allows himself to be taken back to Grace's house for tea. To Grace he represents happiness, the thing she has missed all her life. Their meetings thereafter are few, and though he comes to recognize a certain humour in her and a certain detachment, Grace is emotionally lazy and loves him only in her mind—or so she thinks until he has said his final good-bye to her and gone. Nothing has been exchanged except a few half-confidences, but her future will be all the more bitter and dreary because of them. Norah, for her part, will remember him as a boy who recalls her past and who therefore is best forgotten.

There is something impoverished about all this. Miss Lehmann, it seems, cannot imagine an adult world, except as astonished and bewildered and casually entertained by youth; or in her novels come any closer to adult experience than the examination of those who are characteristically incapable of it. Norah's husband is vaguely attracted to his wife's best friend, but does not think of actual infidelity. Grace's husband takes a prostitute for the first time, but wishes he could be wearing a false moustache when he goes into the hotel with her. Hugh Miller, the casual young man from a gayer world, is unhappy and frustrated: between him and all women falls the shadow of a very modern Cynara—who was called Tony in *Dusty Answer* and now appears as one Oliver Digby. Everywhere life is defeated, barren: *"Enchantment has vanished from the world. . . ."*

IV

"Perhaps it will never come back, save in memory." As in myth the underworld, so in fiction the half-world contains its Elysi-

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um; and having passed through the shadows, Miss Lehmann comes at last to the bright places of *Invitation to the Waltz*. From the trivial days of two disappointed women to a week in the life of a young girl is no very great journey: it is merely to descend at last into a world at once delicate and obtuse, a world whose emotions are exquisite and whose exclusions are innumerable, a world where the major issues of fiction have no place at all. Only the first chapter will give its readers the slightest discomfort, for there one detects an influence which has probably gone pretty deep—the influence of Virginia Woolf, no less, who, with the second part of *Orlando,* herself descended into some half-world, and amid *The Waves* remained a feminine Tantalus, the waters of good sense forever fleeing her lips. Once that chapter is passed, the book is an extremely beautiful piece of work—but its beauty is nevertheless still snared in the shining toils of Miss Lehmann's memory.

It is true that something like genius went to the creation of James, the little boy in the story, and to the creation of Olivia, his seventeen-year-old sister. It is true, too, that the experiences of childhood and adolescence are more vivid than our own, their joys and sorrows sharper, their perceptions more acute. But fiction, bound by the laws of a guilty world, offers only a grudging welcome to innocence; and it is a lamentable fact that James and Olivia, so far as major writing is concerned, are still unborn, with their real future all ahead of them.

Nor does that future concern us in the least: poised in the brief scene of *Invitation to the Waltz* they look backward and not forward; backward into Miss Lehmann's past and our own, so that the delight we take in them is the delight of discovering exactly what it is like to be young. Everything in the Curtis household is seen through the eyes of a young girl, and the picture, at once tender and vivid, wears all the colours of enchantment. The adult world is here only on sufferance. Life, in its ruder forms, scarcely dares intrude. The very language in which the book is written is fragile and sensitive, a delicate evocation of youth. In such a gossamer world the smallest events take on a vast significance, and giving a birthday present or trying on a new frock hovers momentously between comedy and tragedy.

Each of the three novels, taken by itself, is something to praise rather than to blame: it is only as a sequence that they seem pregnant with warning for their author. Her limitations have become strict and menacing—they are reminiscence, whimsy, delicacy, unfulfillment. Her memories of childhood and youth; her delight in the minor situation; her subservience to the commands of a beautiful prose style; her preoccupation with people who, by age or character, are incapable of a full experience—these are the enchanted boundaries of her half-world; within these she works, and within these she may yet be imprisoned.

V

THERE is a road back, and if one examines the incidentals of *Invitation to the Waltz* one will find it obscurely charted there. Nothing is more astonishing than her evocation of the English scene; from that point of view the whole book is a triumph. And all the adult characters—subdued to a place in the background—are witness to a kind of genius in their creator. Major Skinner, disreputable and disarming; Miss Robinson, the dressmaker; the sweep's wife; Lady Spenser, suddenly breaking into the Highland Reel on her ballroom floor; Sir John in his library; the infallible Mrs. Curtis. These people, seen

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through the eyes of childhood, appear only as the inhabitants of another and less desirable world: but, in spite of this backward gesture, they answer to something in us that is mature and disillusioned. We recognize them as having a solid life in them, nor does our recognition, though they are specifically types from the English countryside, depend upon any knowledge of their habits or their background. Each one, in his brief appearance, is a symbol of human existence; to the truth of each one a thousand chance encounters, a thousand unedited memories bear witness; and in each one the author has united, as it were, some of the loose ends of our experience. It is to the exploitation of such characters in a larger and coarser world that we must look forward: in that way, with toil and difficulty, Miss Lehmann could find her way back to the upper airs.

I hope it will be soon. A writer, gifted as she is beyond almost all her contemporaries, cannot afford to be imprisoned by memory and to speak only in terms of the past. Beautiful writing will lose its power with us, delicate observation grow stale, even enchantment itself become no more than a conjuring with words. And Miss Lehmann, if she set her imagination free, could take a major place in modern British fiction: she deserves no less. Certainly I intend no disparagement of her here: the fear I have ventured to express is a form of salutation; and I have written this criticism with admiration and with hope.

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A SELECTED SHELF

THE LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD TO ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH *edited by Howard Foster Lowry* (OXFORD. $2.50)

THE appearance of this book is an event, not only for scholars but for anyone interested in the great Victorians. Nearly all of the fifty-seven new letters to Clough belong to the period between 1845 and 1853, the relatively dim years of Arnold's chief poetical productivity. Their value can be imagined—and must be—for a brief review cannot begin to indicate the ways in which they round out and vivify our inadequate picture of the earlier Arnold and the influence on each other of the two seekers after truth.

When we begin, Arnold is a debonair Oxonian who is shortly to carry a reputation for airs and foppery into the great world of Lord Lansdowne; when we take leave of him he is a Professor of Poetry discoursing on Homer. But, in these letters from one fundamentally serious young man to his closest friend, a morbidly serious young man (whom he can lecture as Horatio might try to brace up Hamlet), we follow too the stream of his buried life, his search for centrality and poise. Already a Jeremiah, he complains of the arid and unpoetical age, but he is not yet the apparently jaunty and self-confident apostle of reason and culture. We encounter a human and imperfect Arnold, Arnold the poet, who reveals his increasing self-mastery in deploring his lack of it, who craves only "a distinct seeing of my way as far as my own nature is concerned". Valuable as are the *Letters* we have known, these new ones are more intimate, more spontaneous, and sometimes explosive; they are even refreshing, as when the lover of greatness and the grand style observes "what an enormous obverse" Jenny Lind has.

These letters throw fresh light on the troubled sources of Arnold's poetry (and Clough's), and help to explain its drying up; he is "past thirty, and three parts iced over". They contain the seeds of his critical, religious, and social principles, which were later to receive more elaborate expression. The romantic poets have gone wrong in reviving Elizabethan richness of expression; modern poetry, if it is to be, like the ancient, the *magister vitae,* must be plain. Keats and Browning succumb to "multitudinousness" and miss totality. Clough's poems he finds sincere, but deficient in beauty and form; his own have weight, but little or no charm. Tennyson gets many hard knocks. But the temptation to quote must be resisted.

Professor Lowry's exceptionally able editing deserves high praise. Fortune blessed him with a store of Arnold-Clough material, of which this volume is a first installment, and his wide-ranging scholarship has set it forth to the best advantage. The letters are linked together with introductory and explanatory notes, and all the significant bits are woven into long and illuminating preliminary essays on the two men. When one is grateful for so much, perhaps one should not notice what appear to be occasional peculiarities in Mr. Lowry's idiom and diction.

DOUGLAS BUSH

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JANE AUSTEN'S LETTERS TO HER SISTER CASSANDRA AND OTHERS

edited by R. W. Chapman (OXFORD. 2 vols. $12.50)

AT FIRST sight these two volumes, so thoroughly documented, so handsomely provided with indices, appendices, and other scholarly paraphernalia, seem as fitting a monument to the personality of Jane Austen as a mausoleum to a dead sprite. Yet there are reasons why the labour of R. W. Chapman, so obviously a labour of love, is not unsuited to its object. Somebody sometime had to give the letters *in toto* or as much so as the scruples of sister Cassandra allowed. Somebody had to accord that important literary personage, Jane Austen, novelist, the impressive trappings that Jane Austen, little English lady, would have found so cumbersome and unbecoming. Be it said for the honour of Mr. Chapman that, as far as his conscience would permit, he has respected the English lady's wishes. None of the explanations she would have hated disfigure her text. They never obtrude on the eye. It would be splendid if they did not obtrude on the mind, but that is no doubt asking too much.

Here at any rate is Jane Austen herself, "talking almost as fast as she can about all the important nothings" that make up the total of her exquisite art. Here she is making the preliminary scratches on the "little bit of ivory, two-inch wide", which she was later to work into subtle and delightful masterpieces. Her ivory is a small cross-section of English society in the early nineteenth century. One is tempted, because of her *genre,* to call it purely eighteenth-century. Her mental attitude is the polished satiric attitude of that time.

Daughter of an English parson who resigned his living to his son, she moved with her family to Bath, where life was a round of dances, dinners, sicknesses, and occasional deaths. She writes her sister and some friends of her bonnets, the price of butter, her partners at balls, her mother's hypochondria. At first, in 1796, she seems to justify the description of herself as a "husband-hunting butterfly". At the end, in 1817, she is the "genteel portable little invalid" who has to be carried to a hospital. She died at the age of forty-two.

Perhaps the finest letter in these volumes, from the purely literary point of view, is that in which Jane Austen analyzes her own art. James Stanier Clarke, a naval chaplain, had suggested that she draw the character of a certain type of clergyman.

> I am quite honored [she writes] by your thinking me capable of drawing such a clergyman as you gave the sketch of in your note of Nov. 16th. But I assure you I am *not.* The comic part of the character I might be equal to, but not the good, the enthusiastic, the literary. Such a man's conversation must at times be on subjects of science and philosophy, of which I know nothing; or at least be occasionally abundant in quotations and allusions which a woman who, like me, knows only her own mother tongue, and has read little in that, would be totally without the power of giving. A classical education, or at any rate a very extensive acquaintance with English literature, ancient and modern, appears to me quite indispensable for the person who would do any justice to your clergyman; and I think I may boast myself to be, with all possible vanity, the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress.

The warmth of Jane Austen's nature is best revealed in her letters to her niece, Fanny Knight.

> You are the paragon of all that is silly and sensible, common-place and eccentric, sad and lively, provoking and interesting. . . . You can hardly think what a pleasure it is to me to have

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such thorough pictures of your heart. Oh! what a loss it will be when you are married. . . . I shall hate you when your delicious play of mind is all settled down into conjugal and maternal affections.

But for the most part she writes to Cassandra about silks which she loves, flannels which she detests, and bonnets. She could rob her sister without incurring wrath. What a triumph! She could spot an "adultress", when she met one, though misled as to the lady's identity. "She was highly rouged and looked rather quietly and contentedly silly than anything else." Her "darling child" was *Pride and Prejudice,* and she could see its faults better than the best critic. There was nothing, however dear to her, that she could not analyze and appraise with humour, and she has no rancour even for her worst enemy. To her nothing human was alien, and all things human and otherwise were objective. She was detached in a way that speaks ill for her personal happiness and well for the intellectual clarity which illumines all she touches. That her art was innate, her touch always true, is shown by the least of these letters, which are invariably perfect of their type.

NORAH MEADE

JEHOL, CITY OF EMPERORS *by Sven Hedin* (DUTTON. $3.75)

SVEN HEDIN supervised the erection, for the Chicago World's Fair, of a replica of the Golden Pavilion of Jehol. It is possible, however, that this volume written to accompany the replica will do better service than the building itself. China suffers for lack of familiar personalities and places. We have all been friends since childhood with Queen Elizabeth and the Tower of London, Louis XIV and Versailles, Florence and the Medici, and they serve as convenient pegs around which has been hung our stock of information. There are no cities or personalities in the Far East which have such authority with us as household words; but Sven Hedin's text and a series of admirable photographs by Dr. Gösta Montell go far to erect Jehol, in this volume, into a landmark.

Jehol owes its importance to K'ang-hsi, the greatest of the Manchu emperors. As a member of a dynasty which had entered China across the Great Wall without meeting opposition, he had no faith in the traditional guardian of the northern frontier. He turned instead to the nomads of the desert crescent which surrounds China proper; it was his policy that the loyalty of the Mongols should erect a barrier of subject peoples far outside the Great Wall. A shrewd politician, he began in 1703 to build a pleasure palace at Jehol, north and east of Peking beyond the Wall, where he might go for the fall hunting and receive his Mongol princes in audience. His art-loving grandson, Ch'ien-lung, added to his buildings until the group of pavilions, lakes, and halls within the park of the Summer City became one of the most beautiful in the Empire. Ch'ien-lung also built outside the park a series of Lamaist temples, in mixed Chinese and Thibetan style, which were to bind to him by religious ties the Lamaist population of the whole desert and mountain frontier from Lhasa to the sea.

Sven Hedin describes the palaces and temples of this deserted capital in a style of great charm, far above that of travel books in general. He writes not as the geographer of his earlier books but as a cultivated traveler, drawing skilfully upon Chinese documents to make the last great age of China live again in its ruins. His description and Dr. Montell's superb photographs give an impression of the sober grandeur, the dignity

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and consummate elegance of Chinese architecture better than can a replica. The replica of the Golden Pavilion is only one unit, taken from an arrangement of successive gates and vistas, gardens and building groups, whose cumulative effect is one of the unique achievements of Far Eastern art.

Over Jehol, today crumbling into ruins, hover the spirits of the two Emperors who built it. K'ang-hsi becomes in Dr. Hedin's text one of the great figures of his time, even in a century which saw Louis XIV, Frederick the Great, and Catherine of Russia. But for picturesqueness the palm goes to Ch'ien-lung. His letter to the King of England, more insulting than the dreams of the wildest Irishman; his burst of candour when, after building a Lamaist temple at Jehol for the Mongols, he set up in it a stela on which he called Lamaism a silly superstition; his shrewd duel with Warren Hastings for the friendship of the Grand Lama of Thibet; his final ruin of the dynasty by partiality for an unworthy favourite, make him a character of Shakespearean quality.

E. P. RICHARDSON

FAREWELL TO REFORM *by John Chamberlain* (LIVERIGHT. $3.00)

THE utility of this study by the Assistant Book Editor of the New York *Times* lies very largely in the fact that it gathers together in accessible form a mass of rather inaccessible information on "The Rise, Life and Decay of the Progressive Mind in America". We have all heard of—some of us remember—Henry George, John Peter Altgeld, Nelson Aldrich, Randolph Bourne, William Jennings Bryan, Robert M. La Follette, Henry Demarest Lloyd, and the several score other leaders of the recent past who are associated more or less intimately with the cause of "Reform". But these men are of such recent fame, are so close to us, that most of us have no very clear idea of what they did or stood for. The problems of the moment make us forget those which, somehow, are not quite yet "history". Mr. Chamberlain has delved into the five or six decades preceding the World War—decades distinguished by those Reform movements and Utopian hopes which achieved their full flowering in the first fifteen years of the present century, and which now seem so completely stale and unprofitable. He has given us a running narrative of the Reform movement, as well as numberless and invaluable thumb-nail sketches of its principal heroes and villains. These brief biographies are, indeed, the best part of *Farewell to Reform*. They are vivid and, so far as one reviewer can judge, to a large extent just; and they serve admirably to answer such frequent questions as "Who *was* this fellow Thorstein Veblen?"—or Tom L. Johnson—or almost anyone else of public eminence between 1875 and 1920.

But one warning is necessary to anyone of even mildly conservative sympathies who would read this book. He must expect Mr. Chamberlain's judgements to be based almost entirely on the philosophy of Karl Marx, modified only in the direction of a slightly less bloody revolution. This is scarcely the place to discuss the validity of Marxism, nor would it serve any purpose to do so. But it should be pointed out that Marxism possesses for its apologists one great and, to its opponents, maddening advantage: the Marxist can always question the integrity of his opponents' motives. The typical Marxist is like some of the more bigoted religious sectarians: he believes that the non-Marxist—like those not adhering to one's particular sect—must of necessity disagree with the True Faith for purely interested

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reasons. It thus becomes possible always to be slightly patronizing, and always to assume that persons with whom one does not agree are in that unfortunate state either because they are obtuse, or, more commonly, because they know on which side their bread is buttered. It is, indeed, almost a mark of Marxian orthodoxy to assume this infuriating attitude, and Mr. Chamberlain, in this respect at least, is very orthodox.

The book has one similar fault. It is far from free of that peculiar and equally irritating unconscious nominalism so characteristic of most liberal and socialist literature. The present reviewer, for example, would be grateful to anyone who could tell him, succinctly and logically, precisely what Mr. Chamberlain means by the "Marxian dialectic". Here is apparently a *sine qua non* of all true philosophy; but, like the philosopher's stone, its precise nature is a trifle elusive.

Despite these two impediments to objective historical writing, Mr. Chamberlain in *Farewell to Reform* has done well a job worth doing; and his book is one which could be read by any forewarned conservative without undue fear of *Mania Anti-Marxia.*

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

SHERMAN: FIGHTING PROPHET *by Lloyd Lewis* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $3.50)

THE second figure of the Northern side in the great conflict between the States is adequately treated for the first time in Mr. Lewis's vigorous volume. The author is a Chicago journalist who has gone deeply and intelligently into his subject, and his studies reveal the strangeness of William Tecumseh Sherman's character—quite beside the "prophetic" qualities accorded him. He came from Connecticut forbears of distinction, was orphaned at the age of nine and brought up under the kindly care of Judge Thomas Ewing, at Lancaster, Ohio. Unlike his contemporary U. S. Grant, who held that patience was the greatest need of a good general, Sherman was furiously the reverse—imprudent with his tongue and hostile to the press. Whitelaw Reid told me once that Sherman had a strong desire to hang him as the too critical war correspondent of Murat Halstead's Cincinnati *Commercial*; what he would have done to that bold editor had he been within reach is problematical. Halstead used to roar with laughter in reciting to me Sherman's furious rages. He liked the St. Gaudens statue at the Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park in New York, but he once said: "Do you know what the old General would say could he have seen it? He'd shout 'Take that d——d woman away from in front of me!'"—referring to the figure of Fame running before. It was Mr. Reid, whom he much hated, who succeeded in getting him to pose for St. Gaudens, reaching him through his daughter, Miss Rachel Sherman. He would not listen to the suggestion when first made.

The book contains much good writing and a vast deal of information. There is an account of the battle-field after Shiloh that should make the most warlike shudder. Halstead's paper charged that Sherman was surprised by the Confederates. The editor told me that when this unpleasantry was mentioned before the General it produced a prodigious outflow of profanity. The famous March to the Sea is depicted as a huge plundering picnic, in which the army cut a swathe sixty miles wide across Georgia and had a glorious time of it, living lustily on the country as they went, all the while becoming more stalwart and healthy—the record showing that only two percent were reported ill. When the story is read it becomes a matter

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of wonder that the North ever won. Certainly incompetence, jealousy, politics, and greed worked together to bring on defeat. Incidentally both Grant and Sherman accumulated far more demerits than honours at West Point when they were there together; both inconspicuous and unpromising. They were alike failures in civil life, while Sherman hated war. Yet both stand highest in America's hall of great warriors.

DON C. SEITZ

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN (VOL. I. 1836-1885) *by J. L. Garvin* (MACMILLAN. $5.00)

OUR exuberant belief in the inspired quality of our late industrial leadership is probably sufficiently deflated. However, there may be no harm in a reminder that in 1854 certain Nettlefords and Chamberlains, manufacturers of screws in Birmingham, staked their fortunes on scrapping their equipment and installing at no small expense an entirely new invention (true, an American invention); that they built up an enormous business, bought out their competitors, and made a fortune; and that a young man in the firm, named Joseph Chamberlain, captured a large French trade by wrapping the screws for export in little packages attractive to the French taste.

It may likewise be interesting to the American of 1933 to learn that this same Joseph Chamberlain, an industrial fortune within his grasp, sold out his interest in the thriving business and devoted the remainder of a long life to the public service. This devotion did not take the form of an assiduous protection of the vested interests of great industrial captains but of a long battle, first in municipal, later in national politics, on behalf of what we now call Labour. Slum clearance, municipal operation and ownership of public utilities, free and universal education, and manhood suffrage were but a few of the causes in which he gained the enmity of landed proprietors, industrialists—and his Queen.

A man of action, not doubting his premises, Joseph Chamberlain had many qualities which Americans prize. The explanation undoubtedly is that his forbears were of the same group of Dissenters that settled New England. His radicalism was practical rather than emotional. When Birmingham, under his leadership, took over the local gas-works he made good terms and operated the properties as a paying venture. He made his ideas effective because he first built a powerful and effective political machine. He had other traits less conspicuously akin to ours. Though a Radical he dressed to the complete satisfaction of Bond Street. He had few friends. Morley and Dilke stand out almost alone, and with them ideas rather than conviviality were the basis of intercourse. For a politician he was dangerously frank and headstrong. Provoking quarrels with a bitter invective, he lacked the capacity to compromise or retract; still worse, he was without the alleviating gift of humour. To Mr. Gladstone he was often a severe trial.

Of this combative, able, and fearless representative of Britain's middle class, Mr. J. L. Garvin has written the first volume of a biography in the tradition of Morley's *Gladstone*. Every page is heavily documented. The abundant quotations do not make for literary excellence but they will be a boon to historians. The organization and selection, an enormous task, is very good. Lucidity is not lost. A lasting contribution is made to the history of Victorian politics. Small wonder that the author has taken ten years to do it amid his multifarious journalistic activities.

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After the early chapters there is too little of Chamberlain as a man and too little background. Attention is severely focused on cabinet meetings and parliamentary proceedings. The petty events which are often most illuminating are obliterated. Portraiture is sacrificed to scholarship. Perhaps for an English audience these things are not necessary. The manner is restrained, but at times the author is over-generous in his defense of the indiscretions of his headstrong and outspoken subject. He tends to give Gladstone less than his due; but the facts are there and they speak for themselves. These criticisms apart, however, it is a real satisfaction to find that the tradition of solid biography is not dead.

JOHN E. LOCKWOOD

BRITISH AGENT *by R. H. Bruce Lockhart* (PUTNAM. $2.75)

R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART began life as a planter in Malaysia, found his way into the British consular service, became H. B. M. vice-consul at Moscow and St. Petersburg, knew intimately most of the personalities of Tsarist Russia, lived through the revolutionary days that are popularly supposed to have "shaken the world", and came to know the leaders of the new Bolshevist Russia, with whom he was on friendly terms until they made up their minds to shoot him. He was for a time the center of one of the most vigorous storms in the diplomatic tea-pot, and he was saved only when the British government laid hands on Litvinoff, Bolshevist unofficial representative in London, and refused to release him until Lockhart was released.

His story is thus a thriller in the most approved E. Phillips Oppenheim manner with the added advantage of being, in a mild way, a contribution to history. Only since the War Documents began to come out have we discovered how nearly right Mr. Oppenheim had been all the time. But the War Documents have always suffered from the lack of beautiful women spies and general sex interest. Mr. Lockhart provides no beautiful women spies but he does provide one marriage to a "beautiful Australian girl", one love affair with a Malaysian princess, another with a Russian Jewish lady against which the British Ambassador protested and which ultimately led to Lockhart's recall to London, and a final *affaire de coeur* with an aristocratic Russian lady against a background of revolutionary Moscow.

Books about Russia are cast in a more or less similar mold and this one would be no exception were it not for the vivid first-hand account of the conflict between the British and the Bolshevists over the fate of Lockhart. Sent back to Russia in 1918 as an unofficial diplomatic agent because of his knowledge of the officials, the language, and the country, he struggled vainly against the growing Allied pressure for intervention in Russia, managing in the end to antagonize both officialdom in London, which always felt sure it knew more about Russia than the man on the spot, and eventually the Bolshevists themselves, who concluded he was plotting against them. When one day he went to call upon Peters, the redoubtable head of the Cheka, that worthy produced a warrant for his arrest, showed him a group of officials being led off to be shot, and had him installed in the quarters of one of the firing squad's prospective targets. From prison, Lockhart managed to get his Russian lady-love set free and then became the center of the struggle between the British Government and the neutral diplomats on one side and the Bolshevists on the other, with his life as the stake. The Bolshevists seem to have

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cared singularly little what the British did with Litvinoff but they were desperately afraid of losing face diplomatically and in the end consented to exchange agent for agent. Lockhart returned to London to find his career in the foreign service over, for all practical purposes.

By no means brilliant, the book is readable and amusing—and valuable for its diverting bits of diplomatic gossip and pictures of personalities. There is one exquisitely ironic scene in which the American Ambassador Francis, reading a Secret Service report on Bolshevist deviltries to a group of appropriately horrified Allied ambassadors, finds that it begins: "Ambassador Francis is a stuffed shirt front."

JOHN BAKELESS

MAN AND MASK *by Feodor Chaliapin* (KNOPF. $3.50)

Man and Mask is a completely new autobiography by the famous Chaliapin. In his preface the author states that it differs from *Pages of My Life* (his first autobiography, which appeared in 1927) in that the first book was more of a chronological and detailed account whereas this is an attempt at an analytical tracing of the development of man and artist.

It is interesting to know an author's intentions, doubly so when the book is an autobiography, for the reviewer's task in the latter case is to comment not only upon the author's style but also upon the author himself. And now I find myself in an unpleasant predicament, for I have been reading Mr. Chaliapin's speculations as to why men are so unkind until a sort of automatic sympathy has been inspired in me for this naïve, gifted, and well-meaning celebrity; but at the same time the public should be warned that a good part of *Man and Mask* is devoted to reiteration of platitudes on art and Russia, and that the author has not succeeded as well in analyzing as in extolling himself.

What will probably be of most interest in this book to persons who have read *Pages of My Life* are Chaliapin's impressions of Gorki, Rimski-Korsakov, Rachmaninoff, Tolstoi, Lenin, Trotsky and other outstanding Russian figures, and his descriptions of the vicissitudes of an artist's life under the U.S.S.R. Under the old régime an artist had about as good a time as anyone. But the Soviets have flooded their country with theory. Trotsky, for instance. "From a box or a circle he would wave his clenched fists and shout contemptuously at the audience, 'The blood of the people is running in the gutters, and you, you thickheads and vulgarians, you lower yourselves to listen to the stupidities and banalities that a pack of rotten actors spew at you. . . .'"

The amusing and pathetic feature about the new theories is that they were often operated by the vague, fantastic peasant so familiar to us. Chaliapin goes to protest the requisitioning of his collection of small arms. Bored, the Komissar sits gazing out of the window at a heap of firearms of all descriptions in the snow of the courtyard below. "Give them up," murmurs the Komissar, still staring out of the window. "But they'll rust!" cries Chaliapin. "Yes, they'll rust," agrees the imperturbable Komissar. Or again: "the amiable Commissioner of Police at Kiev who received me in his bath, up to his neck in water, and who, divested of any artificiality, offered me a glass of vodka at the most unseasonable hour; the eccentric Komissar in the north who telephoned me at three in the morning to say that he must come and drink my health immediately and regale me with smoked

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salmon that he had just received from Archangel." The book is rich in incidents of this nature.

Chaliapin has left Russia, and his title of Premier Singer to the Soviet People has been withdrawn. It is his conclusion that the Revolution, instead of making men superhuman, has made them inhuman. There is no doubt that the artist has had a trying time of it in Russia. Whether Communism will eventually be as detrimental to art as Chaliapin seems to fear remains to be seen.

JOHN BRONSON

TEXTS AND PRETEXTS: AN ANTHOLOGY WITH COMMENTARIES *by Aldous Huxley* (HARPERS. $2.50)

THIS is an exciting book about the art of living. The dominant person is Aldous Huxley. But there are also George Herbert, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Arthur Rimbaud, Coventry Patmore, George Darley, Vaughan, Prudentius, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir John of the Cross, Shelley, Pope, Epictetus, Leigh Hunt, Karl Marx, Biran de Maine, Edward Thomas, Milton, and nearly a hundred others. The "texts and pretexts" are poems, parts of poems, and (rarely) bits of prose, arranged under forty-five topical headings; for example *Country Ecstacies, Man and Behemoth, Physical Passion, Old Age, Hocus Pocus, Money, Nonsense, The Rest Is Silence, Misery, Serenity*. The comments are the sort that a man as eager for knowing what to make of life as Huxley might write in the margins of his volumes of poetry, with now and then a page out of his journal. Neither too long nor too many, they are witty, austerely honest, sceptical, understanding, and provocative. Though they betray the fact, evident in others of his books, that he is too anxiously intellectual, that his consciousness is not sufficiently an animating force interfusing his whole body and his whole being, to make him quite akin to great poets, they convert an anthology into a book to be read avidly straight through.

The number of extremely good poems and parts of poems in *Texts and Pretexts* is surprising when one realizes that the emphasis is on statement, that there are so few of the established favourites, and that there are so many selections unfamiliar to the average reader of verse. I doubt if there is another anthology in which intelligent men and women in 1933 can find so much that is in accord with their own desires, sensations, feelings, frustrations, tentative resolutions, and, particularly, ideas.

In its bright, sturdy cover, with its good print on handsome paper, it is a charming book to handle, to read, and to pass on to friends. Even those friends who think themselves too tough-minded for poetry will find themselves going on and on, beguiled by the ideas.

SIDNEY COX

ZOLA *by Henri Barbusse* (DUTTON. $3.00)

THIS is an example of the "new" biography. Not the biography of the Strachey school, indeed hardly new by this time; nor the compromise between the Strachey and the older documentary type which now seems to be the prevailing mode. Commencing with a novelized description of the "hero" in the form of speeches, colloquies, interior monologues, it shifts to an academic, technical discussion of his literary exploits and comes to an end in a revolutionary call to arms, the climax of the thesis which the author of *Under Fire* sustains throughout. For with this translation of *Zola*, the Marxist biography makes its bow in this country.

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Perhaps this kind of study is not brand new, for Mr. Edmund Wilson has been practising it during the past year. Those who read his analyses of Flaubert and other writers last winter will recognize the same sort of measuring of an author's worth by the yard-stick of Marxist doctrine. Barbusse acknowledges Communism's debt to Zola for his materialistic propaganda, his theories of Naturalism, and his fictional studies of the worker. But he, like Mr. Wilson, is alert for bourgeois blemishes in his subject. In Barbusse's opinion Zola is a sort of Communist *manqué*. Through his aversion to politics, the result of his bourgeois art for art's sake environment, he was deprived of any vital channel for the ideas which churned within him; his naturalistic beliefs, it seems, did not evolve toward the goal of Communism. Only when the cloistered writer advanced into the great Dreyfus conflict was he able to shift from timid theory to practical socialism.

But it would be unfair to the author to describe his work as entirely devoted to Communist analysis. For he paints some unforgettable pictures of the later days of the Second Empire and the early decades of the Third Republic—the crinoline, gas-lit era of Baron Haussmann and Jules Ferry. Literary figures naturally stand out, some of them skilfully characterized: Baudelaire "elegant and looking like a delicate, slightly damned bishop"; Guy de Maupassant "a sportsman, an oarsman, an out-of-doors man"; and Huysmans with his "sadism of the picturesque". The literary sword play of the polemical young Naturalists is well pictured.

Availing himself of unpublished Zola correspondence and apparently of the closely guarded Huysmans letters, Barbusse offers some new interpretations of literary events. The famous *Manifesto of the Five* directed at Zola by some young disciples was not, according to Barbusse, instigated by an envious Goncourt and Daudet, as has so often been suggested. Also, Barbusse quotes a curious letter from Huysmans to Zola written after the appearance of *A Rebours*, which tends to show that the later convert to Catholicism had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote his "breviary of the decadence". The chapters containing this material are among the best in the book, although they are marred by a number of errors which are doubtless due either to translation or to editing in this country.

But, in spite of these interesting interludes, the author's thesis dominates the book and the subject is buried under long passages of Communist moralizing. Also it is couched in such an allusive style that only an extensive knowledge of French history, politics, and literature will make much of it intelligible to most Americans. For these reasons the general reader will find it much less satisfactory than Matthew Josephson's work on Zola. Incidentally, Josephson's over-enthusiastic biography leaves much to be desired and one must wish that some lay critic, as yet unconsecrated in the Holy Orders of Leninism—such as André Thérive—would write a sound volume, impartially appraising the value of Zola's work and career.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN

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FOUR NOVELS: *by Dorothea Brande*

It was probably not Mr. Sinclair Lewis's intention to draw a perfect woman, nobly planned, when he wrote Ann Vickers (*Doubleday, Doran.* $2.50). That she is intended to be both admirable and typical there can be very little doubt. Most of the items of her biography are so "typical" of modern feminist heroines that one has a sense of having met Ann in print any number of times before. She comes from a small inland town, she goes to a New England women's college; she undergoes unfortunate first love and an abortion—which, at the rate it is occurring as an item of the heroine's experience in current novels, is likely to be looked upon as an initiation rite of our period by sociologists of the future. She turns her magnificent energy to social work, and here she begins to be recognizably Ann Vickers, not simply the younger and luckier sister of the late Janet March, for she looks upon the horrors of our prison system and emerges a reformer; an effectual reformer, when she is not baulked by blindness, cruelty, and greed. She becomes a Great Woman; she loves unhappily a second time, and marries a dreadful creature to recover her balance. The husband turns into a monster of coyness and sickly sentiment, but true love comes at last in the shape of Judge Dolphin. She bears her lover a child though it means going back to the insufferable husband; the Judge is caught in an official inquiry and shipped off to prison. Ann loves him still and works for him, and in the final scene she and the pardoned Judge look forward to a future away from Ann's husband and the Judge's frigid wife.

One feels, while reading *Ann Vickers*, that Mr. Lewis laboured under a tremendous handicap: he admired this heroine to the point of awe. If only he had been "out for" her, if only he could have exposed her, he might have written a book as powerful as *Elmer Gantry*—and whether or not this is praise is for individual readers of Mr. Lewis to decide. But Ann is on the side of all Mr. Lewis's angels: she is a companion-piece to Arrowsmith, not to George F. Babbitt. So he goes at drawing her with a sort of blunt chivalry; if she plays the fool—well, all right, who doesn't? her author asks. She is frequently called upon to appear absurd, and her author rallies her at such moments with a clap on the back that would fell an Amazon. Ann "croaks", she "explodes", she "agonizes" her speeches, and yet there is always that note of awe toward her. She emerges a little like a Cordelia with a cold in the head.

But she does emerge. Ann certainly lives; by fits and starts, it is true, but that makes her only more recognizably life-like. That she comes to life most convincingly, often, in her arid periods seems excellent proof that Mr. Lewis is more than the journalist that he is often called. On the basis of *Ann Vickers* an excellent plea could be made for an about-face reversal of the judgements on Mr. Lewis. It is in those passages most often labelled journalism that he is most truly the artist—as in his terrible and moving scenes of prison life—whereas Ann's background and her experiences, which should show the novelist's hand, are spun from the commonplaces of feministic feature-writing.

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How Mr. Wells drew the rabbit of his conclusion out of the hat of his first chapters in THE BULPINGTON OF BLUP (*Macmillan*. $2.50) I shall never know; I only know it was by a trick.

It seems there was a boy, Theodore Bulpington, the only child of "artistic" parents, and that he loved to dream of himself as magnificent, as a grandee with the forgivably Wellsian title of "The Bulpington of Blup". In his solitudes he saw himself as equal to all occasions. He repaired at evening the ravaging daily discrepancies between cold fact and the heart's desire; not outrageously, not pathologically, not (*pace* Mr. Wells) more than any of the rest of us. How the lying, cowardly, cadging, cruel "Captain" Bulpington of the later chapters comes forth from the character of young Theodore needs more explaining than Mr. Wells has done. Even Freud, one feels sure, would be startled and astonished by this sequel to Theodore's reveries, at the very moment of recognizing the source of Mr. Wells's inspiration.

No; some gravely important factor has been overlooked. Perhaps Theodore's creator really believes that a pure devotion to science would have saved him. There is every evidence that he believes this. In its way, this book is as moral as *Sandford and Merton*; the vices of Theodore Bulpington are thrown into sharp relief by the virtues of Teddy Broxted, son of a scientist, whose opening eye was placed to a miscroscope. We are not made privy to Teddy's dreams. Presumably he never dreamed of himself, when a lad, as the greatest scientist of them all—or as in any way larger than life-size. The War comes; Theodore sinks lower and lower; Teddy as steadily rises, first a conscientious objector, then a prisoner, until he reaches (just as Theodore slips into the last slime) the pure aether of a scientist's heaven.

Mr. Wells does his trick with the most enchanting by-play: young love in London, life among the artists. With young Theodore he is witty and tender; Margaret Broxted, Teddy's sister, is a bride fit for any scientist, and is, indeed, a sort of scientist herself, a Doctor of Medicine. There are innumerable forward-looking boys and girls whose example Theodore might have followed if only he had not been mooning about pretending he was the Bulpington of Blup. Nevertheless a tract is a tract and smugness is smugness, and there is nothing like a good moral pounded in to turn the rebellious young the way you don't want them to go. Mr. Wells may have done the rising generation a favour he didn't intend.

JAMES GOULD COZZENS's new novel, THE LAST ADAM (*Harcourt, Brace*. $2.50), is the record of a small Connecticut town and a study of a country doctor. What visions of pastoral peace rise with the words, what anticipations of tales of noble simplicity! How very unfortunate it would be, though, if lovers of *Friendship Village* and *Dr. Lavendar* should rush to read Mr. Cozzens's book. "New Winton" is seldom more than superficially peaceful, and New Winton's health officer is no Dr. Lavendar, but Dr. George Bull, a roaring, lazy, ignorant, bullying "horse-doctor" in his sixties, a dynamo of vitality, unbeatable and unbeaten at the end of the book, though half the town has started to get his scalp for criminal carelessness.

Typhoid breaks out in New Winton. The Interstate Light and Power Company, working above the town, had polluted its water supply. First one citizen falls sick, then another, then a dozen. The diagnosis runs the scale from "stomach-ache" to influenza. No one looks for a typhoid epidemic in a clean modern town, among cleanly New England-

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ers, not "Old Doc Bull" and certainly not young Dr. Verney, to whom a few of the first families of New Winton had turned, outraged by Bull's methods. Dr. Verney had probably never seen a typhoid case in his career. As a matter of fact it is Dr. Bull's senile old aunt who does the diagnosis, and she does it by her nose. Her nephew tries to bully the nonsense out of her, to no effect:—

"Typhoid fever is a disease caused by a specific organism, bacillus typhosus, Aunt Myra. Doesn't grow on trees. That organism has to be in the water. It can be clear water or muddy water; that hasn't anything to do with it."

"Maybe you're right, George. I don't know anything about all that. But what Susie's got is typhoid fever. I can smell, George. I know what it smells like."

"You can what?"

"A person has a smell, George. It's not a subject I'm going to discuss, but I'd know that smell anywhere."

So it is the old horse-doctor who first gives a name to the mysterious epidemic. There is no justice in it; the younger man was better equipped, and devoted to his science. But fortune follows the vital animal—and if Mr. Cozzens's book had a thesis that would sum it up.

An hysteria of self-righteousness takes the villagers; Bull roars down the town meeting called to depose him. His morals are publicly reprehended; he as publicly leaves the meeting for the house of his eccentric mistress, and Janet, getting him his whiskey, considers him through the crack of the pantry door: "He watched the flames with that bold, calm stare-away, his blue eyes steady. . . . Now he moved, rousing himself, stretching his big legs, grunting in the comfortable heat. . . . There was an immortality about him. . . . Something unkillable. . . . The last man would twitch with it when the earth expired. A good greedy vitality, surely the very vitality of the world and the flesh; it survived all blunders and injuries, all attacks and misfortunes, never quite fed full."

If you look for Mr. Cozzens to quarrel with him for the subject he has chosen, you will not find him in his own book. A kind of terrible detached humour gives some clue to his personal opinion, perhaps, but there are no half-measures about Mr. Cozzens's objectivity. Whether he loathes or admires his hero one can never know. This is not the author's best novel, but only because his best novel is not yet written. At his present prodigious rate of growth, Mr. Cozzens should outstrip the field in five years.

A woman reviewer is put in a most ungraceful dilemma in reporting on an author who occasionally uses obscenity and shock for literary effect. If she protests she is a prude; if she does not she misleads potential readers. So I will say only that although the casual obscenities of the old doctor seem legitimate and illuminatingly used, there are occasional passages in the narrative proper which I believe could have been omitted to the book's advantage.

PAGEANT, by G. B. Lancaster (*Century*. $2.50), is a family saga of Tasmania, rich in its material, too rich in its writing. The tiny island below Australia was settled in almost equal numbers by Britain's real pioneers, and by Britain's convicts and off-scourings. Which group was more brutal to the other it is hard to say. In her fairness Miss Lancaster actually recounts more cruelties than she need. But as in most stories about a society in a state of siege, there are few dull pages.

In 1826 Captain Comyn and Major Sorley left England for Van Dieman's Land. The Major's wife was a kindly, placid bore, Captain Comyn's bride a lovely Frenchwoman.

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The Major fell in love to his ears; he was indiscreet; he sued ardently and pressed for an elopement. Returning sheepishly to his senses, the memory of his young indiscretion remained to plague him in all his relations with his neighbour. Miss Lancaster uses this early episode well, to give unity to her book till her real heroine, little Jenny Comyn, is of an age to carry the central interest, which is about half way through the book.

At just this spot *Pageant*, heretofore uneven and over-emphatic, and more than a little handicapped by archaisms in the characters' speech (they "vow" and "protest" and find each other "monstrous" exciting, like beaux and belles of an earlier century), turns into a really excellent novel, with good, sustained character-drawing, a theme of its own, and a truly poignant conclusion. It is as though events came suddenly into focus for the author; as though, no longer confused by distorted legends of the recent past, she was able to take her exotic scene and high-spirited characters more easily. One is well repaid for reading past the first rather feverish chapters.

The publishers assure us, astonishingly, that not only has Miss Lancaster published six of her eight novels in this country, but that three of them have been filmed. If they show anything like the finish and interest of *Pageant*, many of us would be delighted to see them re-issued. DOROTHEA BRANDE

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KEEPING UP WITH THE NOVELISTS

THE BODY'S RAPTURE *by Jules Romains* (LIVERIGHT. $7.50)

JULES ROMAINS is that astonishing Frenchman who developed sight glands in the breasts of the blind, who wrote what are easily the most entertaining and refreshing of recent contributions to the French theater, and who in prose and verse is the founder of the school of aesthetic thought known as *Unanisme.*

The Body's Rapture contains in one volume the trilogy of novels published in French under the general title *Psyché.* The three novels treat of a marriage in which the husband and wife discover a new order in life. Remarkably skilful in conception, this trilogy is perhaps more revelatory of Romains's literary gifts and of his theories than any other of his works.

The first volume, *Lucienne,* is on the face of it simply a charming romance—the story of the meeting of two sympathetic young persons, Pierre Febvre and Lucienne, and of the magic of love at first sight. But the real magic of the book is the power of the author to swell the melody of a simple tale with a rounded harmony which is always fresh and resonant. The ramifications and consequences of an emotion sound as surely and delicately as the harmonics of a chord played upon a perfectly tuned instrument. Romains's psychological insight is profound, original, and extremely sensitive; and yet his style is characterized by a certain engaging straightforwardness and natural quality. This first volume, which is told by Lucienne, ends with her engagement to Pierre. There is no hint of a sequel and no necessity for one. Yet the reader will turn eagerly to the next volume, *The Lord God of the Flesh.*

It is now Pierre Febvre who takes up the narrative, and the style, content, and purpose undergo a decided change. Lucienne was an artist who wrote a love story. Pierre is a scientist who sets out to report the events of his engagement and marriage because he wishes to clarify to himself an experience which he considers the most important in his life. He sketches himself at twenty-six—curious, intrigued by life, yet already experienced and inclined toward a Voltairean spirit. He reviews his engagement, alternating between astonishment at himself for succumbing so completely, and joy in his love for Lucienne. Then, with scientific detail and precision, he describes their marital relations. Pierre and Lucienne together discover a religion of love. It is not alone sensuality or passion. It is a fusion of the spirit as well as the body (by means of the body) in a communion that is permanent, the completion of one person in another and the discovery of the entity of husband and wife.

When the Ship is the title of the third volume. The story is told by Pierre with some quotation from Lucienne's diary. Pierre, at the time of his marriage, was purser on board a transatlantic liner, and two months afterward he resumed his service. When the ship had weighed anchor the lovers were separated, the entity dissolved. Lucienne felt that nothing could be so actually tragic as this.

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It negated her religion and the core of her life. Tragically, insistently, she felt that it could not be.

To describe in a few words how Lucienne actually visited Pierre in his cabin while her body was miles away would be both impossible and pointless. Jules Romains has done this and in such a manner as to raise no doubt in the reader's mind as to the reality of the occurrence. When Pierre, consulting Lucienne's diary, finds her description of the phenomenon to coincide exactly with his, one does not reflect that this is, after all, only a novel. Instead, one wonders.

The vitality and the intellectual content of this trilogy make it worthy of the serious consideration of the American literary public. It is true that Romains may be justly accused of penetrating beyond the bounds of literature into the field of the proselytizer; and, as the patron of the soul, he lays himself open to the attack of a host of moderns. But it is also true that the soul was once as popular and legitimate a subject for literature as is the material world today. Moreover, judged by any standard of literature, Romains is so far superior to the majority of his contemporaries that whether one be antagonistic to his theories or not, reading him cannot but be attended by profit and enjoyment.

JOHN BRONSON

THE COLOURED DOME *by Francis Stuart* (MACMILLAN. $2.00)

IF ONE accepts Coleridge's statement that poetry "implies an excited state of the feelings and faculties", it is fair to judge Francis Stuart as a writer of poetry rather than prose. His mood and his manner of approaching his theme are always highly emotional, and his writing has a lovely lyric quality that makes one hesitate to analyze its contents. In *Pigeon Irish*, his first novel, Stuart's homing birds were flying in the wrong direction. In *The Coloured Dome* Garry Delea is transformed in one night from a pleasure-loving clerk in a bookie's office to a willing holocaust on behalf of humanity. Yet one no more questions the physical or psychological truth of Stuart's premises than one does the human marriage of Matthew Arnold's *Forsaken Merman.*

Here again Stuart's theme is the itch of the Irishman to save his soul at the expense of his body. Apparently it is not given to the Irish to save both. The opportunity for salvation comes as the result of a political situation, and it is clear that Stuart believes that many men join Irish revolutionary movements not because they are concerned with political or national ideals but because of a half-spiritual, half-emotional quest.

The leader of the I. R. A. in this case is a woman, named rather too euphoniously Tulloolagh McCoolagh, who is masquerading as a man. She offers herself, two well-known generals, and the unknown Garry Delea as sacrifices on the altar of Irish peace. The development of Garry Delea from a futile clerk whose initiative has been sapped by that "drug of starved emotions", city night-life, into a secular martyr-saint in a single day, is Francis Stuart's story.

When Garry joins the purposeful group of rebels, he is exalted and at the same time chilled. The shivering of his flesh at the thought of death he ascribes to the "faint resistance of the slumbrous wintry wood as the sap soaks through it . . . awakening it to the holocaust of spring."

Spring. Was this the way it was going to blossom for him? But there isn't any other way for the body to be caught up with the mind in one blossoming. Except through love, through

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a woman. Only the two ways. The holocaust of love and the holocaust of death. And it had not been for the first that he had been looking.

Wandering into the street to await the hour when he must surrender, he finds that objects and incidents unnoticed by him before take on a significance he cannot fathom —like pieces of coloured mosaic that he must fit into a pattern. His attitude toward life is objective, when he is put in a cell with Tulloolagh. He finds she is a woman, and her desire, unknown to herself before, is communicated to him. From the high places of perfect detachment Garry is flung or let fall into a pit of personal passion. But it is tender even on his side, until they are both released from prison next morning, only the generals having been shot.

Garry goes through the routine of a new day buoyed by the consciousness that he is to meet Tulloolagh in the evening. But, when she comes to meet him in a restaurant, he rejects her instantaneously, desirable and beautiful though he finds her.

Tulloolagh goes back to her land and child, "a dark seraph fallen out of the nightmare of purgatory to the earth instead of the heaven she expected". Garry Delea goes back to prison, "utterly stripped and humbled, the cold snows pouring through his heart". Here only can he achieve the detachment that shows him life as the "coloured dome staining the white radiance of eternity", the dome of which the world's little ludicrous tragedies are the pitiful mosaics. He offers himself as a "cold and peaceful holocaust to share them".

From the futility of the wastrel Garry Delea has passed to the futility of the celibate and saint. While the woman carries on the business of Irish life, the man prepares to die. Stuart's is a lyric presentation of a lamentably true type. As a bit of writing the book is beautiful. As a novel it is lacking in form, for again Stuart's ending does not round his theme into a satisfactory whole. But *The Coloured Dome* is a decided development from *Pigeon Irish*, and Stuart one of the most original and stimulating writers that Ireland has produced in a long time.

NORAH MEADE

ONE MORE SPRING *by Robert Nathan* (KNOPF. $2.50)

AN AWKWARD consequence of the utter articulateness of Mr. Nathan's writing is that he leaves nothing for the reviewer to say. He has made his structural relationships and his hidden significances so plain that exposition must seem fumbling and inadequate in comparison. One is tempted, in the manner of a clergyman commenting on the Beatitudes, merely to take the title and discuss it under three heads (as who should say: "And now, brethren, let us consider what Mr. Nathan means by *one* . . . and by *more* . . . and by *spring*"), with such miraculous completeness has the author's meaning saturated even this title. Let no one suppose, however, that the book is easy to summarize. Nothing is more difficult than to convey the effect of writing which, subtle yet sedulously disdainful of eccentricity, teeters constantly on the verge of banality but never quite tumbles in.

Elizabeth Cheeney is a prostitute because, as she cogently explains, "If you give yourself away, what have you left to sell?" That is not idealism but the saddest of practical wisdom. Unfortunately she has a warm and generous nature. So she finds her work hard at times, particularly as the winter of our current discontent closes in upon her and her friends. She does not, however, at any point, try to drown herself. She is too unassuming for that. Such heroics are reserved

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for Mr. Sheridan, the banker, who agrees with Elizabeth Cheeney that nothing should ever be given away. Mr. Sheridan, to the moral disadvantage of banking as compared with prostitution, actually adheres to his monstrous principle; it is Mr. Sheridan, therefore and obviously, who is driven to the ridiculous extreme of jumping into a lake without first considering whether the water is deep enough to facilitate drowning.

Miss Cheeney, on her first appearance, is stealing a bunch of celery from the kitchen of the Central Park Casino. Very sensibly. She needed that celery. Sustaining an injury to her knee, she takes refuge with a couple of vagabonds in a tool-shed in the park. They make her as comfortable as possible for the night, meanwhile offering her reassurances for the morrow.

"Tomorrow," said Elizabeth dreamily; "tomorrow . . . Maybe I won't wake up at all, tomorrow. Maybe I'll sleep, and never wake up any more again, not ever, not anywhere. And all through the long cold winter I won't know anything, not anything at all; I won't know how cold I am or how hungry. And in the spring . . ." Her voice faltered, and she looked down at her hands, clasped tightly in her lap.

"In the spring," said Mr. Otkar quietly, "the tulips will flower in the gardens by the lake; and along the park wall the cherry trees will put out their white and pink blossoms. You will not see the blossoms, my child, if you are sleeping, or the little green leaves, delicate and delicious in the sun."

She smiled up at him. "You are right," she said. "I want to see the cherry blossoms again."

"Then go to sleep now," said Mr. Otkar kindly. "Morning thoughts are best. In the morning the sun may be shining. Even for us, who have nothing, the day is full of hope, at least until mid-afternoon."

Mr. Nathan's favourite characters are always notable for the modesty of their hopes. They care only for the simplest, the most obvious, the most normal satisfactions. They care just for "one more spring", and they get what they want. Just that and no more. For here, as in many stories from the same pen, satisfaction is attainable only by a complete secession from our fantastic social order. And complete secession, in this case, is suicide. Witness Mr. Nathan's conclusion, the sardonic travesty of a happy ending. I know of no other contemporary writer who, without raising his voice and with no more apparent emphasis than inheres in a rueful smile, is capable of being as devastating as Mr. Nathan, and I know of no other contemporary writer who, proceeding clear-eyed, as it were, on the road to destruction, is capable, on the other hand, of scenes as brilliantly comic, light-hearted, and wildly splendid as that in which hungry Mr. Otkar flings himself upon one of the municipal pigeons, wrings its neck, and then plucks and roasts it over an open fire in the park. No writing so vivid, so articulate, can be ultimately distressing. There is too much zest for the reader in the sense of a fine, warm, and delicate feeling expressed and a meaning magnificently conveyed.

ROBERTS TAPLEY

HOT PLACES *by Alan Pryce-Jones* (KNOPF. $2.50)

To HIS three stories of Chile, Brazil, and Ecuador, Mr. Pryce-Jones adds a postscript on the importance of his subject and the nature of its difficulties. The importance of South America will be admitted even by those who are not among his readers; the difficulties of writing about it are quite apparent in his pages. Finding it impossible to see the country steadily or whole, he has divided it in three parts, colouring three landscapes and peopling them with charac-

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teristic figures who manage at least the sketch of a story. But no vital fusion seems to take place between these people and their country; there is an artificial joining of the two. The landscape is rich and splendid and is slowly savoured in Mr. Jones's densely-worded appreciations. The people are disgracefully dull and stupid, and their stories a half-hearted attempt to make them worthy of their surroundings. Their flatted conversation and insipid actions are hurried through by the reader with distaste and impatience. The consequent disruption of tempo and texture is upsetting: the rich and observant mind of the author has constantly to yield to the banalities of his characters. The possibility of wit, gallantry, passion, or distinction of any sort in South America does not matter. These are Mr. Pryce-Jones's observations, not our imaginings. Chile's story tells of a woman who wins a marathon dance to save a child already dead. Brazil's is more interesting; it deals with a stupid and emotional girl of sixteen, living at the head of a funicular, who flirts with a stupid and unemotional city youth. They are called Darius and Juana. But Juana, who distrusts lust, would seem to prefer Darby and Joan; their flirtation languishes through two uneventful days and dies of ennui. In his Ecuadorean tale, Mr. Pryce-Jones tries extremely hard, a little in the manner of Mr. Wilder, to make a diverting composition out of his marquesa, whom you must imagine dying with a cocktail-shaker slipping out of one hand and millions of sucrés slipping out of the other (into the hand of her footman-lover), while her dull and sordid history is recounted in a series of snapshots dated and annotated with tiresome detail. The postscript is a delightful piece of writing—personal, presumptuous, opinionated, in the proper style of essay-writing, a style which is properly Mr. Pryce-Jones's. In this book he has brightened his reputation as essayist and traveller and man-of-letters. He has not yet made his mark as story-teller.

PETER MONRO JACK

PUBLIC FACES *by Harold Nicolson* (HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN. $2.50)

THE action of this novel is laid in the year 1939, when the nations of the world, fearful of each other and jealous of their national honour, are hovering once more on the brink of Armageddon. Mr. Nicolson, who has served the British Foreign Office extensively in Europe and Asia, and who should know how intergovernmental crises are fomented, has given us a shrewd and satiric outline of this one. Like most good satire, however, *Public Faces* is too distressingly apposite to provoke one to mirth.

For, as Mr. Nicolson says in one of his most arresting paragraphs, "Ponderous and uncertain is that relation between pressure and resistance which constitutes the balance of power. The arch of peace is mortised by no iron tenons: the monoliths of which it is composed are joined by no cement. Impressive in their apparent solidity, these granite masses lean against each other, thrust resisting hidden thrust". And how unpredictable, after all, is the millimeter of displacement necessary to send them crashing to destruction!

The occasion of the crisis of June, 1939, is the discovery in a British concession in Persia of a hitherto unknown mineral. An alloy of this mineral leads to the perfection of the rocket airplane and of an unbelievably destructive "atomic bomb". Without taking official notice of the possibilities inherent in these deadly weapons, the British Government allows the Air Ministry to pro-

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ceed with their development, keeping the whole mattter discreetly secret. Then an error in diplomacy calls their tenure of the Persian concession into question. A rash trial flight of the rocket planes is interpreted by France, Germany, and the United States as a gesture of hostility. An absurd error on the part of a French courier permits a threatening official communication to get into print. It appears that war cannot be averted.

Mr. Nicolson becomes most playful in dealing with the human elements in secret diplomacy, small personal foibles or domestic accidents which influence decisions of world-shaking consequence. It is a pity, perhaps, that he has deliberately selected such fantastic situations to illustrate his arguments, for the strict truth, in all likelihood, would be fantastic enough. Nevertheless, there are times when his humour is extremely telling, and he satirizes the members of his fictional British Cabinet unmercifully.

MARGARET WALLACE

IMITATION OF LIFE *by Fannie Hurst* (HARPERS. $2.50)

FOR a large number of people it will be sufficient criticism to say that Fannie Hurst has done it again. She has written another book of sloppy, verbless prose, of sentimental hokum, of strange vitality, and of honest reportorial observation. It is the success-story of Bea Pullman, how she rose from rags to riches in good dime-novel fashion. This rather simple formula is made slightly more complex by the addition of the love problem. What happens if a very successful business woman has no love-life? Miss Hurst calls it tragedy, mere "imitation of life".

As a child of fourteen Bea Chipley, having learned the facts of life, wondered how her parents managed to beget her. They were so unintimate, her father so small and precise, her mother so busy with household tasks. When Bea was seventeen her mother died, leaving the mystery still unsolved. During the next year Bea married Mr. Pullman, a pickle-and-relish demonstrator on the Amusement Pier, who boarded at her home. She was afraid, and she wished her mother had told her more, but afterwards she found there was nothing to fear. Mr. Pullman failed to arouse her; she wondered about it, and sometimes she felt gratified that he found her so exciting. Within a brief period she became pregnant, her father suffered total paralysis, and her husband was killed in a train wreck. Then Bea Pullman had no time even to wonder about sexual matters, being the only one left to support her father, the baby, and herself.

Unable to find a job in those days of "woman's place in the home", she could only keep on selling the cans of maple syrup her husband had handled as a side-line. A huge black woman named Delilah took care of the house while Bea scoured Atlantic City for sales. Later they expanded the business together, Delilah with her beaming face and waffle-cooking, Bea with energy and business acumen. Without the faintest notion of becoming a "modern woman" Bea did just that. It was not many years before she owned an intimate, homey restaurant on the Boardwalk called "The B. Pullman", with waffles, maple syrup, and maple candy as specialties.

She ends as a millionaire with a chain of restaurants all over the country and a lovely home on the East River. She has a general manager named Frank Flake who is eight years younger than she and very handsome. Suddenly she realizes that love has come to her for the first time. Her daughter Jessie is finishing her education in Switzerland. She wants to sell out the business and live for

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happiness, for Frank Flake and for her daughter. But a not very ingenious twist in the plot renders this impossible, and B. Pullman continues as the female magnate of the restaurant world.

Since Miss Hurst's forte has long been her emotional wallop, it should be noted that this novel has less of that quality than *Back Street* or *Lummox*. The explanation probably lies either in the trite and predictable ending or in the fact that just now one finds it difficult to weep over the sex-starved life of an attractive woman under forty who is worth about six million dollars. The author should have mentioned the men who must have been killed in the rush. There are also some passages dealing with Delilah and her "passing" daughter, Peola, which are overripe, not to say ludicrous. But criticism is peculiarly powerless with Miss Hurst. A current of reality flows through her worst as well as her best work, and all those who think with their hearts will find food for thought in this as in her other novels.

ARCHER WINSTEN

THE MIRROR OF FOOLS *by Alfred Neumann* (KNOPF. $2.50)

HERR NEUMANN'S latest novel is in some respects his best. It lacks, to be sure, the tenseness and the brilliant theatricality of *The Devil*; but there is in it more of creation and less of cleverness. The book records the Odyssey of a gross, wilful, insolent aristocrat whose attitude towards his debts is to incur new ones, towards his inquisitors to defy them, and towards his devoted servitors to exploit them endlessly. Duke Heinrich, done over-large in an effort to create a Falstaff, is full of vitality, but since he tramples down the universe to achieve petty selfish ends, he exists as a figure for comedy. His brains, his vigour, and his magnetism—and he has plenty of each—enable him only to keep one step ahead of the sheriff.

In avoirdupois and squandering and wiliness Heinrich is like Falstaff, and like Falstaff, too, he becomes pathetic; but Falstaff's knavish charm is missing, and so is his wonderful humour. The "But surely 'tis no sin for a man to practise his vocation" note which makes Sir John the supremest of knaves and also the most lovable is what Neumann cannot reach; he can only, at his best, tincture Heinrich's gross selfishness with a kind of barbaric humour. And his hero's wanderings too often drop to a prosily picaresque level, the juicy incidents being sandwiched between the dry ones, and the moments of lusty and boisterous comedy giving way to dull repetitious antics exploiting Heinrich's bulk and beeriness.

Yet, chiefly in the second half of the story, Neumann shows a creative streak that seems to me far better than all the nebulous mysticism of *The Devil* and *The Rebels*, better than the oblique word-play of those books, which came so close to being wit without becoming it. For unlike Neumann's Oliver Neckers and his Guerras, Heinrich seems hewn out of the stone of his era, a creature in the spirit of the last days of the Renaissance. Behind this guzzling, wenching, ducal adventurer one feels and smells and comes into touch with the period: its grandeur and its filth, its minds at once clogged and bursting, and the waste resulting from its disorderliness. This waste characterizes the man and the age alike, and implies tragedy. If the book provides no tragedy, it is because Heinrich squanders his powers in such sordid, selfish, gluttonous fashion that he is never more than half-ridiculous and half-pathetic. Only at the very end, when everything lies behind him and nothing ahead and the game

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is up, do we feel strongly about this man who never considered any one but himself; and it is not tragic compassion we feel, it is only moral indignation.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

MR. CHILVESTER'S DAUGHTERS *by Edith Olivier* (VIKING. $2.50)

FOR over one hundred and fifty years the magnificent Queen Anne house in the Cathedral Close had been leased to male heirs of that first and rich Chilvester who had taken upon himself the expenses of repairing the Cathedral foundations when they began to sink dangerously. But with Lilian and Emily, sole offspring of the last Mr. Chilvester, whose two wives had died in childbirth, the succession came to an end. Mr. Chilvester, lacking a son, centered his life upon the beautiful house which became for him something far more than wood, brick, and mortar. It became his refuge from a present which he despised and a future which he repudiated even before it came to pass. The eighteenth century and all it stood for was an ideal to be approached both through study and through the maintenance of the old house without alteration. In the eighteenth century houses had not possessed drains, nor had daughters wills of their own. It would therefore be sacrilege to allow modern drains to be dug for Chilvester House. In order to prevent this, it was Mr. Chilvester's pleasure to defy the Dean of the Cathedral, the town Mayor, the health authorities, and eventually to ruin himself in the law courts. It would also be unthinkable for docile Emily to be engaged to that young architect, Christopher Honythorne. For it was Christopher who wanted to build a modern schoolroom in the Close, who jumped at the conclusion that Mr. Chilvester had killed his wives by his failure to provide modern plumbing, and who reported the matter to the health authorities. And yet, one day Emily announced her engagement to Christopher and was told to leave home immediately.

The conclusion to Mr. Chilvester's stiff-necked battle over house and daughter is not happy. What has seemed at times to be merely the social comedy which English writers do so well turns into a tragedy which, despite its consistent understatement and calm tone, manages to be essentially melodramatic. As in her most recent and popular novel, *Dwarf's Blood,* Miss Olivier makes much of the contrast of the normal with the abnormal. Where Mr. Chilvester is obsessed with an old house, Nicholas Roxerby was torn by the heritage of his dwarfish mother; Lilian, the brilliant invalid in *Mr. Chilvester's Daughters,* closely parallels the dwarf, Hans Roxerby, in the earlier novel, both of them shut away from the world and painting masterpieces; and the normal Emily of this book is not far from the soothing Alethea of the other. But although the author has chosen similar elements for both novels, her skill enables her to avoid repetition in incident or characterization. She has a very real and sensitive feeling for things about which other English authors have felt before—ecclesiastical and country society, English character especially where it is eccentric, and and the relationships within the English family.

There is nothing inspired or great about the novel. If one thing stands out, it is the competence of the whole performance. It is a competence which seems even to include truth-telling as a part of its equipment. The result is that several interesting characters come to life, and the plot, of trifling interest, is partly redeemed.

ARCHER WINSTEN

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SUSANNE *by Johannes Buchholtz* (LIVERIGHT. $2.50)

BRACKETED with Christiansen's Norwegian novel, *Two Living and One Dead, Susanne* won the Danish prize in the Inter-Scandinavian Novel Contest. The title is apt; the novel depends on her integrity as a character, and the canvas is no larger than she. A baker's daughter, she is a representative of the old bourgeois morality. Her father represents the tradition of the mediaeval trade guilds. She supplements him with a feminine intelligence that adapts itself to modern manners, and with a looser morality, while yet retaining her traditional sense of right and wrong. Eventually she marries into the rich class whose economic security ensures moral irresponsibility—or at least freedom from the moral responsibility to which Susanne has been accustomed. In her effort to understand the sophistication of this class and to withstand its temptations, she develops unusual interest, though it is true that her problem is shelved instead of being solved.

Susanne is one of those who unconsciously motivate the behaviour of others, while appearing herself to be at the mercy of circumstances: they observe her moral integrity, not her lack of will power. On the surface, then, her life appears paradoxical. She has fled from home because Otto, the charming son of a rich shipowner tried to seduce her at a gay party, to which she had been invited because of her unspoiled prettiness, and at which she is something of a joke. She jumps from his yacht, is rescued, and leaves home secretly and in shame. In a neighbouring town she becomes entrapped in a peculiar situation, as maid in the house of the Chief of Police whose wife is a peculiarly sinister sadist. Susanne struggles spasmodically against appalling persecution, partly from gratitude and a desire to be useful, partly from a profound sense of humility, but really because she accepts the strange characters of the household as a part of life in which she is inescapably involved.

It is Otto who finds her again and takes her away from this household which has become a nightmare of intrigue, but in which Susanne has developed her full stature as a character. While she will not admit its moral superiority, she can now understand and move in this class socially above her own. The question is whether she will resist its moral inferiority. The marriage with Otto is welcomed by the rich shipowner, but thereafter goes slowly to a point of disintegration, brought on by Otto's casual moral sense and his affair with another woman, until Susanne thinks she can stand it no longer. She runs away again, back to her old home, where her brother now runs the bakery. But again she goes back to Otto, prompted by what she understands as "the way of life", which is to accept life on the terms it offers.

Apart from Susanne, the texture of the novel is thin, with not much of contemporary Denmark in it. Her characterization is the great success of the book. If Johannes Buchholtz continues in this vein, leaving the Rosencrantzes and Guildensterns alone, he has a sure way to reputation.

PETER MONRO JACK

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

General

ANN VICKERS *by Sinclair Lewis* (Doubleday, Doran)*
The pilgrimage, sentimental and social, of a modern woman, with incidental and horrifying sidelights on our prison system. Reviewed on page 188.

THE BULPINGTON OF BLUP *by H. G. Wells* (Macmillan)*
The youth, war-time career, and disastrous downfall of a day-dreamer told with all Mr. Wells's charm, but not so persuasive as usual. Reviewed on page 189.

THE LAST ADAM *by James Gould Cozzens* (Harcourt, Brace)*
A story of a rural doctor who in the course of a typhoid epidemic is brought into conflict with all of a Connecticut country town. His character and the story are vivid and convincing. Reviewed on page 189.

PAGEANT *by G. B. Lancaster* (Century)*
A saga-novel of Tasmania, from the days when as a penal settlement it had not begun to conquer "the bush", to its civilized present. A Literary Guild choice. Reviewed on page 190.

THE BODY'S RAPTURE *by Jules Romains* (Liveright. $7.50)
Mr. Romains's remarkable three-volume novel (published in French as *Lucienne, Le Dieu des corps,* and *Quand le navire . . .*) presented in a one-volume translation. A beautifully-written study of a courtship and marriage through which husband and wife discover a new order in life. Reviewed on page 192.

THE COLOURED DOME *by Francis Stuart* (Macmillan)
The development of a futile clerk into a secular martyr-saint of the Irish rebels. A lyric presentation of a lamentably true type, by one of Ireland's most original and stimulating writers. Reviewed on page 193.

ONE MORE SPRING *by Robert Nathan* (Knopf)*
Two of Mr. Nathan's unworldly outcasts, a prostitute and a vagabond named Mr. Otkar, travel away from a precarious life in Central Park to "one more spring" in the south. As always, Mr. Nathan's book defies any prosaic attempt to summarize. Reviewed on page 194.

*** All prices $2.00 except when followed by asterisk, in which case the price is $2.50.**

HOT PLACES *by Alan Pryce-Jones* (Knopf)*
Three stories entitled, and typifying, Chile, Brazil, and Ecuador, more satisfactory as travel impressions than as tales. Reviewed on page 195.

PUBLIC FACES *by Harold Nicolson* (Houghton, Mifflin)*
A satire on secret diplomacy, in which the great powers are shown in 1939 as being again on the brink of war, brought about by precisely those errors which precipitated the last war. Reviewed on page 196.

IMITATION OF LIFE *by Fannie Hurst* (Harpers)*
The success-story of Bea Pullman, who rose to riches on waves of maple syrup. Moving, in spite of undisciplined writing and a trite end. Reviewed on page 197.

THE MIRROR OF FOOLS *by Alfred Neumann* (Knopf)*
The Odyssey of a gross and insolent aristocrat of the last days of the Renaissance. Reviewed on page 198.

MR. CHILVESTER'S DAUGHTERS *by Edith Olivier* (Viking)*
Mr. Chilvester's daughters were less to him than his eighteenth-century house, and he sacrifices them both to his passion for it. Miss Olivier makes much of the contrast of the normal with the abnormal. Reviewed on page 199.

SUSANNE *by Johannes Buchholz* (Liveright)*
A novel of modern Denmark, the chief excellence of which lies in the characterization of the heroine, a baker's daughter, who "marries above her station". Reviewed on page 200.

YOUNG MR. X *by Elizabeth Jordan* (Century)
Naïve loveliness, alias Penelope, is transplanted to New York and becomes embroiled in all sorts of things; love, job, and a Jekyll-and-Hyde mystery. Stunning naïveté, by Miss Jordan and Penelope, makes all right with the world, come what may.

TROPICAL WINTER *by Joseph Hergesheimer* (Knopf)*
Mr. Hergesheimer finds in each of these well-sustained Palm Beach short stories that "all is vanity and a striving after the wind". The trappings are amusingly exotic.

THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU *by H. G. Wells* (Duffield. $1.75)
One of the best horror stories in the language, that of the dreadful synthetic beast-man made by Dr. Moreau on his island, is now reprinted after a

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decade, and illustrated with pictures from the movie. If you missed it in youth, don't fail to buy it.

MRS. VAN KLEEK *by Eleanor Mordaunt* (John Day)*
At the age of sixty, Mrs. Van Kleeck, having outgrown love and lovers, keeps a hotel on an island in the Southern Pacific. How she finds and loses the son she deserted for a lover makes a good novel of the East-of-Suez stamp.

THE BRIDGE *by Naomi Royde-Smith* (Doubleday, Doran)*
Married to a clergyman, a widower twice her age, and ordered to have no more children after the still-birth of her first child, the heroine of Miss Royde-Smith's novel lives chastely and affectionately with her husband; a fact which nearly wrecks her step-daughter's life.

JEALOUSY *by Norah C. James* (Covici-Friede)*
This novel opens with what ordinarily is a final chapter: Catherine and Michael are eloping. As both alternately reminisce, the story of a jealousy that has almost separated them is told. The conflict between the two is made convincing by the author's patent feeling for her characters.

Detective and Mystery

THREE NOVELS OF MYSTERY *by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes* (Longmans, Green)*
Those who do not know how well Mrs. Belloc Lowndes can turn real murder mysteries into fascinating novels should try this book, which gives three of her best—*The Lodger*, *The Story of Joy*, and *What Really Happened* in one volume.

I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING *by J. B. Priestley and Gerald Bullett* (Macmillan)*
Less a mystery story than a *tour de force*. Priestley and Bullett fans will love it, but those who want gore and crime may demand their money back.

DANGER IN THE DARK *by Arthur M. Chase* (Dodd, Mead)
A detective story involving six people in a murder and theft at a country estate, by the author of *The Party at the Penthouse*, a very successful thriller. This second attempt promises to be equally successful; it holds, mystifies, and entertains.

VILLA AURELIA *by Burton L. Stevenson* (Dodd, Mead)
A very readable tale of love and intrigue on the Riviera, in which an American novelist experiences sensations quite foreign to those of his characters.

I, THE CRIMINAL *by David Sharp* (Houghton, Mifflin)
Professor Fielding "borrows" a rare first edition from his friend's library and thereupon is forced into a wild and lawless career of crime. Unusual features in an ingenious study of an honest Britisher who consorts with the denizens of the underworld to save his reputation.

IN TIME FOR MURDER *by R. A. J. Walling* (Morrow)
Philip Tolefree, disguising his real occupation in life under the title of Insurance Agent, scoots around the countryside, in his latest exploit, in search of a blue roadster, and turns up at Pitway House—just in time for murder. Results at first complicated, as might be expected, but on the whole quite satisfactory.

THE MURDER OF SIGURD SHARON *by H. Ashbrook* (Coward-McCann)
Spike Tracy, amateur detective and brother of District Attorney (New York City) Tracy, enjoys real Vermont hospitality when his car breaks down near the home of aged Sigurd Sharon. Spike gets another chance at crime detecting when Sharon is fatally stabbed.

THE WHITE COCKATOO *by Mignon B. Eberhart* (Doubleday, Doran)
Giving Sarah Keate, the smart lynx-eyed detective in a starched uniform, a vacation from her sleuthing, Mrs. Eberhart this time uses a mining engineer as her detective. Seasoned fans, watch out for the toy dagger, the missing token, and Pucci the white cockatoo.

THE KENNEL MURDER CASE *by S. S. Van Dine* (Scribner's)
Philo Vance, that sartorially perfect sleuth who nonchalantly lights his inevitable Régie cigarette before spouting words of bewildering import, is given a new problem to solve. Archer Coe, collector of Chinese ceramics, is killed. The versatile Philo builds up a clever case against the murderer, if you believe that a dead man can walk.

DR. PRIESTLEY LAYS A TRAP *by John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead)
For sheer ingenuity in plot and execution, John Rhode has few if any equals in detective fiction. His Scotland Yard Inspector and his criminologist, Dr. Priestley, are perfect foils for each other. Together they have solved a number of difficult problems but none has been as obscure as this apparent automobile accident that claims two victims.

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AT A GLANCE

SARDINIAN SIDESHOW *by Amelie Posse-Brázdová* (DUTTON. $3.00)

THIS book is one of the year's finds. A little group of painters working in Rome, some of them Bohemian by nationality, all by temperament, was disrupted by the entrance of Italy into the War. The Bohemians were interned in Sardinia, and the Swedish wife of one of them has written this lively and charming account of their adventures there with peasants, priests, and Polish nobility; of their celebrations and their struggles with dirt; of their pet sea-gull and of how the painter displaced in popular favour his rival the photographer "who made pictures far more quickly, but then he never managed to put in any colours". There is, quite properly, a breath of *South Wind* in this book, though none of its cynicism. Mme. Posse-Brázdová is deeply and sympathetically interested in people; their arts and crafts and their landscapes come second to their personalities. And whether she and her husband are engaged in curing Maddalena of stealing provisions, or in cooking a banquet for the seminary of Polish priests, they are notably brave and gay, in love and lovable.

THE GERMAN PHOENIX *by Oswald Garrison Villard* (SMITH & HAAS. $2.50)

MR. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, veteran American journalist who has long had a lively interest in the affairs of that German Republic which his father sought to establish in 1848, surveys in *The German Phoenix* the first fourteen years of German experiment in federal republicanism. Writing with an unusual knowledge of German history and with a knowledge of the German language which is not so usual as it ought to be among American journalists dealing with foreign affairs, he has produced a book of value to all students of contemporary European history. *The German Phoenix* deals not only with the political development of Republican Germany, but also with social and artistic trends. There is an intelligent appraisal of political parties, which includes some harsh words for Hitlerism, natural in view of Mr. Villard's well-known sympathy for pacifism and radical movements. The chapter on *The Press under the Republic* is of value to students of journalism and journalistic history.

FLIGHT INTO AMERICA'S PAST *by Marie Beale* (PUTNAM'S. $3.50)

WITH her record of a journey made partly on land but mostly by airplane, the author has mingled brief sketches of those ancient splendid civilizations of South America, the Inca and the Mayan. Until recently, the trip she made—over the Andes to Cuzco, then to Salvador, Guatemala, and the ruined cities buried deep in the jungle—would have been very difficult. But with the coming of the airplane Mrs. Beale foresees a time when Antigua will rival Palm Beach and Santa Barbara as a winter resort, as well as a period, possibly more distant, when we will learn, as the Mayans did, really to live in the tropics instead of barely existing. Such knowledge would, she believes, not only end all economic depressions such as the one we are at present experiencing, but open the way for an especially fine and original artistic development. The book is interesting reading both for the stay-at-home and for the prospective tourist.

FOOT-LOOSE IN INDIA *by Gordon Sinclair* (FARRAR & RINEHART. $2.50)

INDIA is a big laugh to the slangy Mr. Sinclair. The British and the Indians seem to take each other seriously: the British put up ridiculous barbed-wire entanglements around their compounds in the North, while in the South Indian women show how they feel about things by lying down in droves in front of stores selling

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British goods. The author slips through the barbed wire and hops over the women as easy as pie, and when he interviews Gandhi begins by asking his name. A brash young man, and proud of it, he respects no one but a British soldier.

THE BRONTËS AND OTHER ESSAYS *by G. F. Bradby* (OXFORD. $1.50)

OF THE eight little papers in this book, three deal with the Brontë family, of whom Mr. Bradby writes with a commonsense unusual in their admirers as well as with much charm. The other essays are on Dr. Arnold, a mild protest against the Strachey portrait; on Parson Woodforde, whose recently published diary enchanted all its readers; on Tennyson; on Shakespeare's fairies; and, under the title of *Gain and Loss*, some reflections on the author's England, with whose changes he has striven to keep up since the days of bicycles when, he says, he reached the "saturation point" of experience.

NATURE BY NIGHT *by Arthur R. Thompson* (BALLOU. $3.50)

BADGERS, otters, field mice, voles, rabbits, bats, moles, shrews, owls, frogs, moths, and a dozen other creatures that people the English—as well as the American—countryside by night are described with humour and care in this book. Mr. Thompson has written of simple nature as only an English amateur naturalist can. His text is full of quiet understanding and information; his photographs—a hundred of them, mostly made by the author by flashlight—are fascinating and beautifully reproduced. No one who lives in the country and is at all aware of the fact could fail to be delighted by his book, and the dozen photographs of that much spoken of and little seen animal, the badger, will fascinate anyone.

THE SPIRIT OF LANGUAGE IN CIVILIZATION *by Karl Vossler* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $3.00)

A SERIES of lectures on the philosophy and history of language, delivered at the University of Munich, is here presented in book form. Working on the thesis that language touches the totality of our mental life, the author discusses the relations of language to religion, science, nationality, poetry, artistic expression. He distinguishes the language of common speech from other forms of language such as gesture, music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and poetry. He speaks of poetry as the language of languages, meaning by this the feeling-tone, the immanent inner nature of language which poetry alone can reach. He cites Flaubert as an example of an artist who lacked the sense of feeling-tone, for Flaubert was a virtuoso of vocal language rather than a poet who heard the beating of human hearts. The book makes excellent reading, especially in its defence of national languages against the challenge of a universal tongue.

Poetry

THE SONGS OF JOHN DRYDEN *edited by Cyrus Lawrence Day* (HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS. $2.50)

EXCEPT for *Alexander's Feast* and the other *Song for St. Cecilia's Day,* Dryden's lyrics are not well known, and it will accordingly both surprise and delight the general reader to discover in this collection the number, the grace, and the variety of his songs. There are ninety-two of them; music for twenty-five is printed in facsimile from manuscripts and old song-books, and the notes give bibliographies of both words and musical settings. They are worth the study of any poet, to discover what richness of melody has been accomplished with a very simple line, and what freshness there is in these old themes.

ENGLISH BURLESQUE POETRY, 1700-1750 *by Richmond P. Bond* (HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS. $3.50)

MR. BOND has defined the nature of burlesque and distinguished with unusual nicety its various kinds. This leaves him free to approach his main task, a critical examination of *The Rape of the Lock*, some six other famous burlesques, and an incredible number of infamous or at

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any rate humble members of the *genre*. His book will be called of course a scholar's book, and it is magnificently that. The critical apparatus is extensive and orderly. The Register of Burlesque Poems actually does describe. The scholar will also be grateful for the stores of bibliographical material ready to guide him in Chapters V and VI, those on travesty and the Hudibrastic, on mock-heroic and parody, but here the accumulations of research become unmanageable and interest flags. Elsewhere one finds no lack of verve in the writing. Indeed, Mr. Bond has made us realize once more the value which these poems still possess in their own right not only as source books for social history but as important evidence of that delicate sophistication which marks the age of Pope, the temper which delights in satire, and particularly in that indirect approach to satire which is burlesque.

POETRY OF THE TRANSITION *edited by Thomas Marc Parrott and Willard Thorp* (OXFORD. $3.50)

AN EXCELLENT anthology for school and college classes, in which many lay readers of poetry may well be interested. The period covered is from Rossetti to Rupert Brooke. Only thirty poets are represented in 580 pages of text; so that a sufficient body of work is given for a general understanding of the important figures in late Victorian and Georgian poetry. A suggestive preface traces the development of modern individualism from Arnold through Pater, though the implied influence of the gem-like flame is probably overestimated. The book is so stimulating that one hopes it will fall into good hands, for the sake of the crop of theses it will undoubtedly sow.

FAREWELL MY MUSE *by Clifford Bax* (MACMILLAN. $2.00)

CLIFFORD BAX, who is well known in England for his plays and short stories, in this book issues the first volume of his collected works and says farewell to verse. In his *Valedictory Note* he finds this age too hurried for the true appreciation of good poetry, and too concerned with the fashions of the moment; he is even inclined to say that "poetry represents a bygone phase in the history of the human mind". Certainly poetry of the sort that Mr. Bax writes is none too well received today, though its appearance—so far as quantity goes, not quality—is no less frequent than ever. Mr. Bax's verse is chiefly the expression of a personal and fleeting emotion, often nostalgic in nature, and there are a number of poems of a philosophical turn which have the merit of expressing a philosophy that is not the bogus one of complete doubt. While it is not startling, Mr. Bax's prosody is extremely careful and gives evidence of love and respect for an ancient and difficult craft.

THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF W. S. GILBERT (RANDOM HOUSE. $3.50).

FOR constant usefulness, for excellence of presentation, and for economy this book has not been equalled during the winter season. It runs to more than 1200 pages; it contains the full text of the fourteen operas, the Bab Ballads complete, and three additional plays; there is a preface by Deems Taylor; and the typography has been done by Robert S. Josephy. No one to whom Gilbert and Sullivan mean anything at all should be without it.

LYRIC PLAYS *by Gordon Bottomley* (MACMILLAN. $1.50)

AS WORDSWORTH once wrote of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago", so, in a different mood and in a more dramatically stylized manner, has Gordon Bottomley, in this book of six plays in verse, concerned himself largely with themes "of past rapture that befell, or of misery as perishable". In a previous volume, *Scenes and Plays,* he attempted an innovation in the association and balance of poetry and movement. Here is apparent a great feeling for the sound itself of poetry and a corresponding grip on dramatic technique which—given adequate production—might attain an impressive unity of speech. Like the Greeks, he utilizes a chorus to knit together the various elements of the play and to provide a rhythmic counterpoint. Four of the six pieces are concerned with themes of an old, brooding Scotland, legendary episodes of the past; the other two have more abstract lyrical backgrounds.

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ABOUT BOOK-COLLECTING

by Wilfred Partington

The Indiscretion of Anthony Trollope

London, January

It was only a storm in a soup-plate. But it involved, among others, Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, and Edmund Yates; and it was a sequel to a famous episode which was the cause of one of the longest and most famous quarrels in literary annals. I am now able to give, for the first time, a hitherto suppressed account of an affair which is represented in collected literature.

The chief persons in the dramatic episode were Thackeray and Edmund Yates, journalist, novelist, and afterwards founder of *The World*. One day Yates conceived the then sensationally novel idea of writing a column of personal gossip "in a respectable paper". He put the idea before Vizetelly, who gave him his opportunity in *The Illustrated Times* under the title *The Lounger at the Clubs*.

So successful was the feature that it led to the appointment of Yates as editor of *Town Talk*. In the second number of that magazine—in contrast to an adulatory notice of Dickens in the first—he wrote a "very impertinent and unfriendly sketch of Thackeray". This was hotly resented by Thackeray, whose fame was now well established through *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *The Newcomes*, and who was exalted as a member of the committee of the Garrick Club. A very unpleasant squabble ensued; and Yates, who was also a member of the Garrick, was struck off the list. In his next novel, *The Virginians*, Thackeray promptly had a hit at Yates, who replied in a bitter travesty entitled *Bouillabaisse*, and also in a pamphlet called *Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Yates, and The Garrick Club* (1859), which is an exceedingly scarce and desirable collector's item.

Throughout the affair Dickens was Yates's adviser, conducting himself in this delicate position with remarkable candour and judiciousness. He told his friend Yates that the article on Thackeray was indefensible; on the other hand, it was no business of the Garrick Club. If Thackeray had a grievance, it was one for him to settle personally. Thackeray was a touchy customer; and Dickens's attitude caused a life-long estrangement between the two great novelists.

This chapter of the story—or most of it—is well known. Now comes the sequel of the soup-plate—this time with Yates and Trollope in the soup.

Yates, the witty and clubbable "Lounger", was not losing the amenities of the Garrick without carrying on the feud. When George Smith launched the *Cornhill* with the sole

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object of running serially a novel by Thackeray (who promptly became editor, as well), Yates came out with the rival *Temple Bar*. One of the best of the Smiths was George—the great publisher who is immortalized as "Dr. John" in Charlotte Brontë's *Villette*. He paid his authors well, gave them encouragement and (better still!) good dinners; and he built his own imperishable monument when he founded *The Dictionary of National Biography*. London in the days of the Queen was a great place for literary dinners. George Smith's were so successful that, on going to live at Hampstead, he reserved an open day—Friday. On one occasion no less than forty "just called in", including Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton and Charles Reade. When the *Cornhill* was launched, the dinners became more sumptuous than ever.

These famous literary repasts are mentioned by Anthony Trollope towards the end of chapter VIII of his *Autobiography*. Now it so happens that the autograph manuscript of the *Autobiography* has just been presented to the British Museum; and, learning that it contained some things not in the printed text, I called to see it. To get this sight of the MS recalled the formalities of opening Tutankhamun's tomb. Eventually, however, the kindly and able officials of the MS department fearfully brought in the precious document, wrapped in the original brown paper wrapper, on a wooden tray for my inspection.

The penultimate paragraph of Chapter VIII of the *Autobiography*, as printed, ends with the words "but I cannot now recall their various names as identified with those banquets". Turning to the MS, I found that Trollope had written, but that either he or his son had afterwards struck out, the following revealing passage which has in consequence been unknown until now. Here is the second and suppressed chapter of the soup story at first hand, by the one who was in it with the indiscreet Yates:—

I do not know whether I did not put an end to these dinners by an indiscretion of my own. It was I think at the first of them that Thackeray, sitting opposite to his host, asked whether Dr. Johnson was getting his dinner behind the scenes. The old story is too well known to require any further telling here. Our munificent publisher being engaged with his neighbour did not hear the question, and Thackeray, naturally anxious for his little joke, repeated it. Whereupon Mr. Smith, who was still very eager with the friend at his elbow, replied that he did not think there was anybody of the name of Johnson in the room. There was not much fun in it, but, what there was, consisted in Thackeray's vain attempt to have his allusion recognized. On the next morning I unfortunately told the story to a friend;—but I told it also in the presence of a man to whom nothing could be told quite safely. He was, though I did not know it then, a literary gutter-scraper,—one who picked up odds and ends of scandal from chance sources, and turning them with a spin of malice into false records, made his money of them among such newspapers as would pay him. This story, altogether bedevilled and twisted from the truth—crammed with bitterness both against Thackeray and Smith, loaded with poison,—was sent to an American newspaper. That alone would not have mattered much because American newspapers are not much read in this country. But *The Saturday* [*Review*], which everybody reads, or which at least everybody then read, got hold by chance of the American paper and, *more suo,* tore everybody concerned to pieces. Why were such dinners given? Why were such stories told? Was it endurable to anybody that the conversation of a private table in London should be made gossip to satisfy the evil cravings of New York readers? This article afflicted Thackeray much. It annoyed Smith greatly. I taxed the gutter-scraper with his offence, and he owned his sin, praying to be forgiven. I confessed my fault to the others;—for it was a fault to have told anything in the presence of such a man. I was pardoned, but there were no more *Cornhill* dinners.

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Some annotation of this interesting revelation is required. In the first place, it should be added that Thackeray retaliated upon Yates in a *Roundabout Paper* entitled *On Screens in Dining-Rooms*. As to Trollope's account, his memory was apparently at fault in saying that the episode occurred at the first of the *Cornhill* dinners. Certainly it was not the first and last of the famous dinners; because a considerable time would elapse before the story returned from America (where it probably appeared in the New York *Herald*) for the *Saturday* to add fuel to the fire of the literary feud.

To understand Thackeray's joke with his publisher, it is necessary to recall the old story that Doctor Johnson, during the time he was working on his great Dictionary, was so poor that he dined behind a screen on account of his clothes, when at the house of Cave, the printer-publisher of *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

The "literary gutter-scraper" is, of course, Yates, the announcement coming from an ardent supporter and admirer of Thackeray. But Trollope, in turn, was not flattered by Charles Dickens. Forster, commenting at Gadshill on Yates's latest novel *Broken to Harness*, said: "It is really very good, my dear Dickens—quite as good as Anthony Trollope." To which the eminent author of *Pickwick Papers* replied: "That is not very high praise."

Yates's best novels are *Broken to Harness* (1864) and *The Black Sheep* (1867). His *Edmund Yates: His Recollections* (1884) is a valuable and entertaining work.

Incidentally, the foregoing paper illustrates what I wrote last month about the interest of manuscripts and letters, and the desirability of always comparing them with printed versions in view of the possibilities of suppressions or even fakings.

A SHOCK FOR A SHAKESPEAREAN

I understand that there is a likelihood of the fine collection of rare books and manuscripts left by the first Earl of Rosebery being dispersed. In such an event we should see—even in these days—some notable competition for the collection's magnificent First Folio Shakespeare, a copy unsurpassed by any in either America or England.

This First Folio was once the cause of an eminent Shakespearean's receiving an unpleasant shock. When my old friend the late Sir Sidney Lee had published his famous *Census* of the First Folios, he was invited to dine with Lord Rosebery. After dinner the peer took the expert into the library, went to a shelf, and—without saying a word—placed in his hands the beautiful copy above mentioned. The Shakespearean had never known of its existence; and his *Census*, of course, contained no record of it. His acute dismay can be imagined. How this curious oversight came about it would be fairer not to speculate on. It was widely known that Sir Sidney Lee was compiling his *Census*. On the other hand, Lord Rosebery was too good a bookman to withhold knowledge of such a superb First Folio—even if there was any reason for reticence; which there was not.

But this was not the only instance of Sir Sidney Lee's disappointment. For a man whose life's work was practically devoted to Elizabethan research; who was given his title for that work; and who was officially regarded as the first Shakespearean, he was, in the result, singularly unfortunate. His *Census* has since been superseded. And there are bitter critics of his "official" *Life of Shakespeare*. They point out that while he was plodding along with his limited equipment, bibliographers were making most fruitful Shakespearean investigations; and that under his very nose, an American researcher, Dr.

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Wallace, could come to London and make the discovery of a century—first-hand evidence from the Master's own pen. It is a sad commentary on the labours of a conscientious man.

Books and MSS in the Sale-rooms

Why leaves are missing from America's latest Caxton—Martin Luther's Broadside still causes excitement in London—British items of American interest.

Some notable items have come into the sale-rooms since my last notes—most of them in the dispersal of the collection of rare books and MSS formed by the late John Meade Falkner, honorary librarian to the Dean and Chapter of Durham Cathedral and Reader in Palæography at Durham University. Students rarely have the unlimited purses of millionaires; and Mr. Falkner could never afford thousands of dollars for a coveted item. But his knowledge, often standing him in good stead, resulted in his chief purchases showing a profit—even when sold in these difficult times.

The chief attraction at the auctioning of his collection was the largest known copy of the first edition of Caxton's *The Golden Legend* (1483)—which, with its fifteen large and sixty-two smaller woodcuts, was the masterpiece of the first English printer's literary and typographical labours. Like nearly all the forty extant copies of this classic, Mr. Falkner's specimen lacked a few leaves which were replaced by the corresponding ones of the second edition. The explanation of these missing leaves is interesting. Not long after the work came off Caxton's press at Westminster, the chapter devoted to the life of Thomas à Becket and recounting his murder

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gave offence to people in high quarters; and the offending leaves were ordered to be torn out. This magnificent Caxton from the Falkner collection was secured (at about half its value) on behalf of the Rosenbach Company for $5000—and now swells America's noble representation of early printing that in quality, if not quantity, about rivals that of England. Dr. Rosenbach alone has spent in ten years somewhat more than $250,000 in acquiring Caxtons.

* * *

The Reformation began when Martin Luther nailed his famous Broadside against Indulgences on the door of the church in Wittenberg Castle on October 31, 1517. A copy of this excessively rare broadside issue of Luther's tract, which also came into Sotheby's auction-rooms, caused much excitement among Continental experts; and it went abroad for $1600 where it will now presumably stay.

* * *

Of American interest are the following items which came up at Hodgson's. A particularly fine copy of the first edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1589), which included the rare Molyneux map in its earliest state and the three rare original leaves relating to Drake, sold for $3800—before making a voyage across the Atlantic. Lahoutan's *New Voyages to North America* (1703—note the difference in date), $95; Mante's *Late War in North-America* (1772), but lacking one map, $185; Maximilian of Transylvania's *De Hispanorum in Orientem Navigatione* (1524), $125; and *M. de la Salle's Last Expedition and Discoveries in North America* (1698), in exceptionally fine state, $135. All these, of course, were favourable prices for the buyers.

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